



Also: *Tommy* TOMORROW SPACE PLANETEER



ACTION COMICS

JUNE
NO. 181

10c

HAS THE
UNDERWORLD FOUND
A NEW FLAW IN THE
MAN OF STEEL'S
ARMOR?

Read "The New

SUPERMAN!





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ONE DAY IN THE DAILY PLANET NEWSROOM, AS LOIS LANE RETURNS FROM AN ASSIGNMENT...

BIG STORY, CLARK! SOME OF DIAMOND DAVE DELANEY'S MOBSTERS GOT CAUGHT AFTER ROBBING THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM! HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THEIR LOOT! CATCH!

HUH...? GOT IT!

NOW I'M SURE YOU'RE **NOT** SUPERMAN! AS I'VE SOMETIMES SUSPECTED! THE CROOKS STOLE THE ONLY TWO EXISTING SAMPLES OF THE ONLY ELEMENT THAT CAN OVERCOME HIM... **KRYPTONITE!**

GREAT SCOTT! D-DID YOU SAY... **KRYPTONITE?**

DIAMOND DAVE GOT AWAY WITH THE OTHER SAMPLE! BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER? **KRYPTONITE'S** NOT THE LEAST BIT DANGEROUS... EXCEPT TO **SUPERMAN!**

ER... CLUMSY OF ME, LOIS! REAL **KRYPTONITE**, EH?

LOOKS REAL, TOO! BUT IT CAN'T BE... OR I'D HAVE PASSED OUT!

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE STRANGE MATERIAL OF THE SHATTERED PLANET **KRYPTON**, BIRTHPLACE OF CLARK (**SUPERMAN**) KENT, HAS LOST ITS SINISTER POWER OVER HIM? LATER, IN A STORAGE CLOSET...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT I'VE GOT TO **KNOW**... ESPECIALLY IF DIAMOND DAVE STILL HAS A CHUNK OF THE STUFF! I'LL MAKE A FOOLPROOF TEST!

OUT ACROSS METROPOLIS HARBOR FLASHES **SUPERMAN**...

LAST YEAR, A **KRYPTONITE** METEOR... THE REAL THING... FELL INTO THE SEA! IT SHOULD HAVE LANDED ABOUT FIVE MILES DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN CANYON!

AND PRESENTLY...

MOVE OVER, BIG BOY! WHEN I START FEELING ITS RAYS... IF THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET AWAY... YOU'D BETTER NOT BE IN MY LINE OF RETREAT!

IN THE EERIE UNDERSEA DARKNESS, WHERE AN OBJECT GLOWS WITH A BALEFUL RADIANCE **SUPERMAN** HAS LEARNED TO DREAD AS OTHER MEN DREAD POISON...



I'M CLOSE ENOUGH... BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY LIFE IN MY HANDS AND GO EVEN CLOSER!

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE DELIBERATELY TOUCHES THE TREACHEROUS SUBSTANCE... AND SMILES!

IT'S TRUE! KRYPTONITE CAN'T HURT ME! I'VE CHANGED! BUT HOW? AND WHY?



WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS AMAZING CHANGE IN THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL? THERE'S NOT A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY...

BUT WITHOUT WASTING TIME IN IDLE GUESSING...

NOW TO LOOK FOR DIAMOND DAVE DELANEY AND HIS STOLEN SAMPLE OF KRYPTONITE! WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S GOT COMING!



SOON...

HERE'S WHERE THE POLICE FOUND HIS PALS! I'LL USE MY X-RAY VISION AND... AH! A HIDDEN WALL SAFE!



LOOT... AND A SECRET LIST OF HIDEOUTS, INCLUDING WHAT LOOKS LIKE ONE FOR DIAMOND DAVE! I'M IN LUCK!



BUT AS HE RIPS THE SAFE OPEN...

WHAT! IT'S LINED WITH LEAD... WHICH STOPS X-RAYS... AND WHICH I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SEE THROUGH BEFORE. ARE MY POWERS INCREASING? ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I CAN'T DO?



HERE'S A SECOND MYSTERY, AS BAFFLING AS THE FIRST! HOW CAN **SUPERMAN** SEE THROUGH THE METAL THAT, UNTIL NOW, HAS ALWAYS FOILED HIM?

SECONDS LATER, IN DIAMOND
DAVE'S SECRET HIDEOUT...

AM I INTERRUPTING... I HOPE?
THE POLICE WANT A WORD WITH
YOU AND YOUR PALS, DAVE!

Y-I-I-I!

HAW! THIS IS ONE
TIME I'M READY
FOR YOU, **SUPERMAN!**
LOOK... **KRYPTONITE!**

ABRUPTLY, THE GANG CHIEF'S GRIN
OF TRIUMPH TURNS TO A STARE OF
HORROR...

THANKS! IT'S
DANGEROUS
STUFF... BUT FOR
YOU, NOT ME!
IT'LL CONVICT
YOU OF THAT MUSEUM
ROBBERY!

HUH...? YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO CAVE
IN! EVERYBODY
KNOWS KRYPTONITE
IS POISON TO YOU!
YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME!

WE'RE
GONERS!

BUT AS **SUPERMAN...** NOT AT ALL AFFECTED BY THE
KRYPTONITE... GRABS THE DIAMOND-WEARING
CRIMINAL...

THINGS HAVE CHANGED,
DAVE! I'M... I'M... WHAT'S
WRONG? GETTING WEAK...
FUZZY...

YOU GOT ME! **HEY!**
WHAT IS THIS... A GAG?

NO... IT'S **NOT** A GAG! HE'S OUT LIKE A
LIGHT! **KRYPTONITE** DIDN'T DO IT,
APPARENTLY... BUT **SOMETHING** DID!

SUPERMAN... HELPLESS
AS A BRAND-NEW BABY!
WHO CARES **WHAT** DONE
IT, LONG AS WE'RE
SAFE?

THAT'S RIGHT... HEAVE THE GUY
INTO THE CELLAR AND NAIL THE
DOOR SHUT!
WE'RE MOVING
FAST... BEFORE
HE WAKES UP!

WOULDN'T IT
BE WONDERFUL
IF HE **NEVER**
WOKE UP?

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

THEY'VE GONE, IN SUCH A HURRY
THEY LEFT THE **KRYPTONITE!**
I'M NORMAL AGAIN... AND IT STILL
DOESN'T AFFECT ME! WHAT COULD
HAVE MADE ME SO WEAK AND
PIZZY... JUST AS **KRYPTONITE**
USED TO?



ACTION COMICS



AS CLARK KENT RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE, EDITOR PERRY WHITE SUMMONS HIM...

GOT A Highbrow assignment for you at Metropolis "U" Observatory! But first... look at the present the big boss gave me!

A GOLD CIGAR LIGHTER, SET WITH DIAMONDS! SOME CLASS!

IT'S... IT...
UH-H-H-H...

CLARK! WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SICK? SHALL I CALL A DOCTOR?

JUST A DIZZY SPELL! ALL RIGHT NOW! IT... IT'S SOME LIGHTER, PERRY!

LIGHTER? A GOOD REPORTER'S A LOT MORE IMPORTANT! TAKE THE DAY OFF, CLARK! AND YOU'D BETTER SEE ABOUT GETTING A PHYSICAL CHECK-UP!

AT LAST, CLARK HAS A FANTASTIC SUSPICION! IN A NEARBY JEWELRY STORE...

DIAMONDS? YES, SIR! I'VE SOME FINE ONES IN THE SAFE!

PERRY'S LIGHTER WAS SET WITH DIAMONDS, AND DIAMOND DAVE WORE A DIAMOND STICKPIN! CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW DIAMONDS COULD BOTHER ME... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS TODAY, EITHER!

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! WHY... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SORRY! IN A HURRY... SOME OTHER TIME...

SO THAT'S IT! KRYPTONITE CAN'T HURT ME, BUT DIAMONDS CAN! GOT TO GET OUTSIDE!

WHAT'LL I DO? THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF DIAMONDS IN METROPOLIS... AND EVERY ONE MY ENEMY! AND HOW DO I KNOW THERE AREN'T OTHER NASTY SURPRISES STILL IN STORE FOR ME?

OTHER SURPRISES? HERE'S ONE COMING UP NOW! IT'S ONLY A LITTLE PAST NOON, BUT...

MUST BE A STORM BREWING! IT'S SO DARK, I CAN HARDLY SEE!

OOPS! BEG PARDON!

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', YOUNG FELLER! THERE'S PLENTY ROOM!



MY GLASSES! BUT... BUT IT ISN'T DARK, AFTER ALL, NOW THAT I'M NOT LOOKING THROUGH THEM! MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE LENSES!



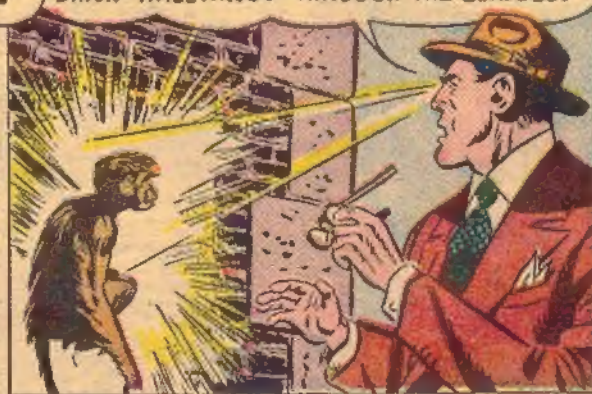
HA, HA! AREN'T THOSE MONKEYS FUNNY?

THEY LOOK JUST LIKE A COUPLE OF GUYS I WORK FOR!

MONKEYS? THEY MUST BE CRAZY! THE WINDOW'S BLACKED OUT! I CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT EVEN WITH MY X-RAY VISION!

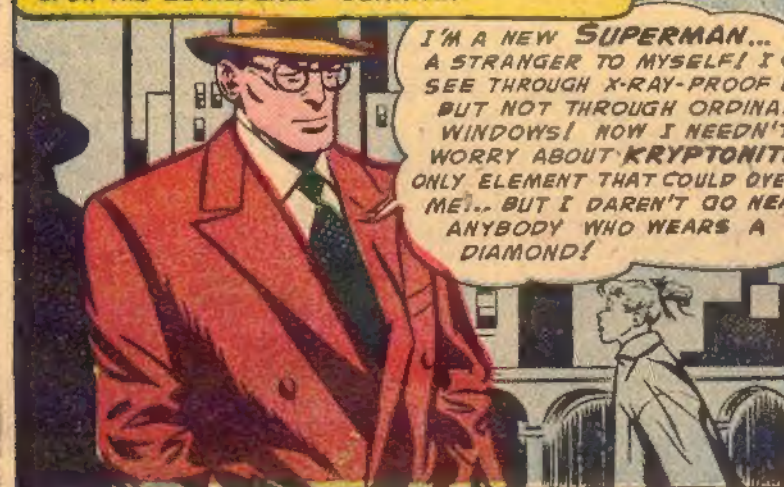
BUT AS HE MOVES SIDWAYS...

HUH...? WHY, THERE ARE MONKEYS! ONLY I'M SEEING THEM THROUGH THE BRICK WALL...NOT THROUGH THE GLASSES!



SUDDEN, AS THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS MISFORTUNES BURSTS UPON THE BEWILDERED CLARK...

I'M A NEW **SUPERMAN**... A STRANGER TO MYSELF! I CAN SEE THROUGH X-RAY-PROOF LEAD... BUT NOT THROUGH ORDINARY WINDOWS! NOW I NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT **KRYPTONITE**, THE ONLY ELEMENT THAT COULD OVERCOME ME!... BUT I DAREN'T GO NEAR ANYBODY WHO WEARS A DIAMOND!



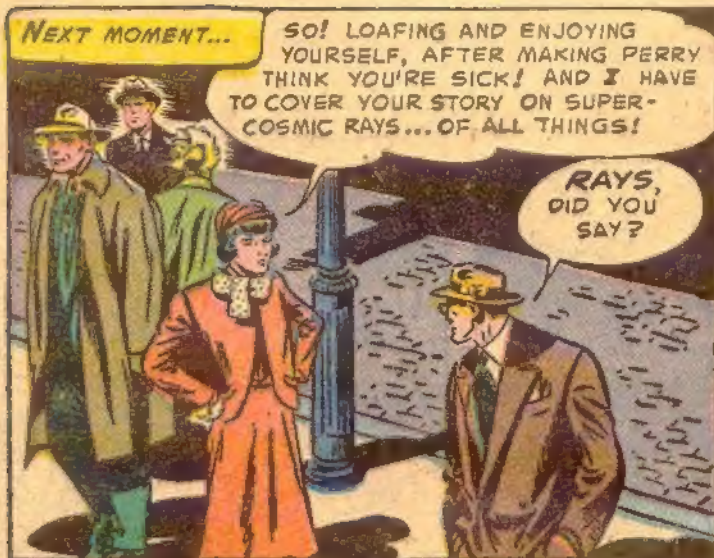
I CAN WEAR JUST THE FRAMES OF MY GLASSES... BUT HOW CAN **SUPERMAN** OPERATE WITH ALL THESE NEW RULES AND HANDICAPS? HOW DO I KNOW HE WON'T EVENTUALLY BECOME THE MOST HELPLESS MAN IN METROPOLIS?

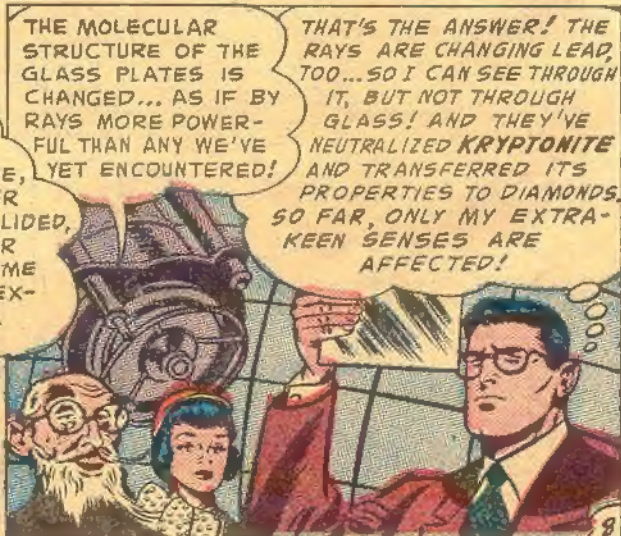
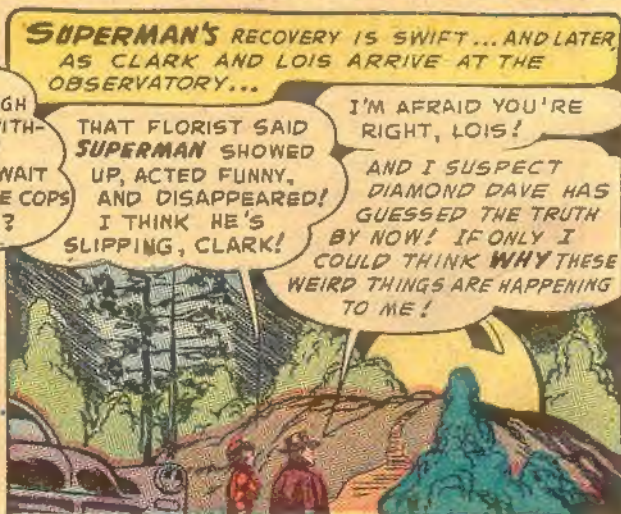
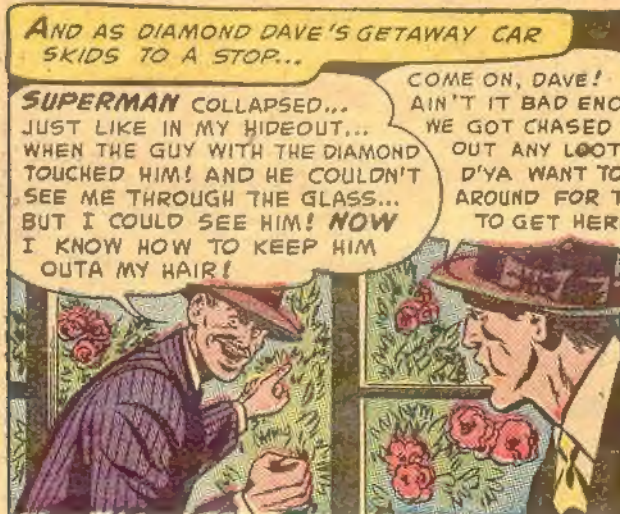
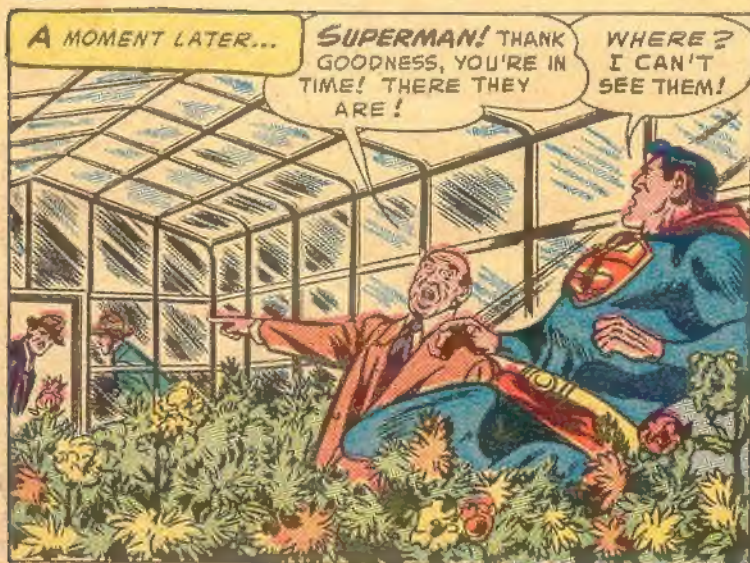


AND BACK OF EVERYTHING HOVERS THE HAUNTING QUESTION WITH THE UNGUESSABLE ANSWER: **WHY?**... WHAT HAS CAUSED... AND PERHAPS IS STILL CAUSING... THIS AMAZING TRANSFORMATION IN THE MIGHTIEST MAN ALIVE?



ACTION COMICS







ACTION COMICS



THAT NIGHT, SUPERMAN...A TINY, LIVING ROCKET...STREAKS INTO THE VAST LONELINESS OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE...

THIS IS EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM... NOT ONLY MINE! THE SUPER-COSMIC RAYS THAT BOTHER ME NOW COULD DESTROY THE WORLD IN TIME!



NEAR THE HUGE WHIRLPOOL OF FLAMING GASES THAT IS HIS GOAL...

I CAN FEEL THE RAYS SAPPING MY STRENGTH! GOT TO HURRY! A SUPERBOMB WOULD SCATTER THE FLAMES! MAYBE ONE OF THESE DERELICT METEORS...



GOOD! THIS ONE HAS A CORE OF SOLID IRON AND A SHELL OF BRITTLE ROCK! I'LL PUSH IT OUT OF ITS ORBIT, AND...



AT BLINDING SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL DRIVES HIS COLOSSAL MISSILE STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE SWIRLING INFERNO...

GOT TO REACH THE CENTER BEFORE THE HEAT VAPORIZES THE IRON CORE... THEN GET CLEAR BEFORE THE SHELL SHATTERS!



SECONDS LATER, AS HE HURLS HIMSELF CLEAR BY SCANT HUNDREDS OF MILES...

WOW! NOT EVEN I COULD HAVE SURVIVED A BLAST LIKE THAT! NOW THERE'LL BE TATTERS OF FLAME ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE... BUT NO SINGLE CONCENTRATION OF RAYS STRONG ENOUGH TO MATTER!



HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SUPERMAN STARTS BACK TOWARD THE PALE PIN-POINT GLEAM OF THE FAR-OFF EARTH...

BUT MY OWN TROUBLES WITH DIAMONDS AND GLASS WON'T BE OVER FOR A WHILE! THE RAYS ALREADY MAY BE ACTIVE FOR WEEKS!





ACTION COMICS



SOME DAYS LATER, AS AN ARMORED BANK CAR SHUTTERED BY TRAFFIC DURING ONE DELINQUENT ATTORNEY'S BOLDEST CRIME OF HIS CAREER

DON'T FORGET YOUR GAS MASKS! AND REMEMBER THERE'S A COOL MILLION IN THAT JALOPY!

HEY! THOSE SHEETS OF GLASS ARE SLIDING RIGHT OVER US!



AS HINGED TRIANGULAR FLAPS SLIDED THE HEAVENLY CANOPY OF BULLET-PROOF GLASS

THE GAS CAR KEPT THE GUARDS PEACEFUL WHILE YA BURN HER OPEN!

LET THEM TRY TO GET IN BEFORE WE LAY THROUGH THE HOLE! AND SUPERMAN SHOWS UP, HE WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO SEE US THROUGH THE GLASS!



SUPERMAN SHOWS UP, ON THE STREET, HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET IN FROM THE BACK

A ROBBERY IN PLAIN SIGHT AND NOBODY CAN STOP IT!

IT A PERFECT TRUCK TO LIFT THAT BULLET-PROOF GLASS!

CAN'T SEE A THING, BUT I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!



WHAT CAN SUPERMAN DO, WITH THE RAYS FROM SPACE STILL HANDICAPPING HIM?

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY! IF I CAN'T SEE THROUGH GLASS, I CAN MELT A "WINDOW" THROUGH IT WITH THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION. HMM... DIAMOND DAVE... AND HIS DIAMOND!



SECONDS LATER, SUPERMAN CONCENTRATES THE RAYS FROM HIS EYES ON THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S DIAMOND STICKPIN!

HAW! EVEN IF SUPERMAN SHOULD BUST IN, MY DIAMOND'LL STOP HIM COLD, LIKE IT DID BEFORE!

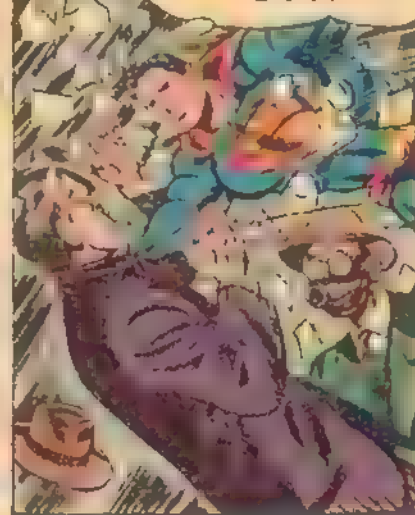


AND FINALLY...

YI-H! NIX, SUPERMAN! WHAT ABOUT MY DIAMOND?

WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT IT?

NO USE EXPLAINING HOW I TRICKED HIM! LET HIM THINK HE JUST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE... WHICH, AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DID!





ACTION COMICS



PRESENTLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THEY'LL SPEND TWENTY YEARS BEHIND BARS, AT LEAST! I'D BET MY BADGE ON IT... DIAMONDS AND ALL!

DIAMONDS! ER...I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR DIAMOND-SET BADGE, COMMISS ONER!

AND IT'S NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT ON ME!

HAVE THE WEIRD EFFECTS OF THE SUPER-COSMIC RAYS VANISHED AS SWIFTLY AS THEY CAME? IS **SUPERMAN** HIS OLD SELF AGAIN?

I CAN SEE THROUGH THE WINDOW... AND I **CAN'T** SEE INTO THAT LEAD-LINED SAFE! THAT'S WONDERFUL... AS FAR AS IT GOES!

ONE PERILOUS TEST REMAINS... EXPOSURE TO **KRYPTONITE!** HAS IT REGAINED ITS SINISTER POWER OVER HIM?

I'VE GOT TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN! FIRST, THOUGH, I'LL DROP IN ON MY OLD FRIEND ADMIRAL SEARS, HERE AT THE NAVY BASE!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, ABOVE THE OCEAN CANYON...

DIAMONDS DON'T HURT ME ANY MORE... I CAN SEE THROUGH GLASS AGAIN... AND LEAD BLOODS MY X-RAY VISION, AS IT SHOULD! BUT **KRYPTONITE...**?

SUPERMAN GETS HIS UNMISTAKABLE ANSWER ALMOST INSTANTLY...

IT'S GOT ME! THE **KRYPTONITE** RAYS ARE NUMBING ME... PULLING ME DOWN... AND IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK!

MEANWHILE, LEAGUES AWAY, A NAVY SUBMARINE ON MANEUVERS FIRES A STRANGE-LOOKING GUIDED MISSILE...

THE MAN OF STEEL IS COMPLETELY NORMAL AGAIN! BUT HAS HE PROVED IT AT THE COST OF LYING HELPLESS FOREVER ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA?



ACTION COMICS



FIVE MILES DOWN IN THE CANYON'S GLOOM, WHERE THE EERIE GLOW ATTRACTS NIGHT MONSTERS OF THE DEEP...

GOT ME... CAN'T STAY CONSCIOUS MUCH LONGER AND ONCE I PASS OUT... I MAY NOT EVER... WAKE... UP... HOPE... ADMIRAL SEARS... COMES THROUGH!



SUDDENLY, A NEW KIND OF MONSTER SHOWS INTO VIEW...

TORPEDO! IF I CAN GRAB... ONE OF ITS FINS...



AS SUPERMAN SUMMONS THE LAST OF HIS EBBING STRENGTH...

MAKE IT! GOT TO... HANG ON... TILL IT CARRIES ME... CLEAR OF RAYS... AND I RECOVER...



MINUTES LATER...

ANDY, SUPERMAN! DID HE GUIDE OUR EXPERIMENTAL TORPEDO NEAR ENOUGH THE EXACT SPOT YOU CHARTED TO SINK AN ENEMY SUBMARINE, IF THERE'D BEEN ONE?

IF YOU HADN'T, ADMIRAL, I'D HAVE BEEN SUNK! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT A FAVOR YOU DID ME, OBEYING MY PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS!



AND LATER STILL, AT THE PLANET OFFICE...

HELLO, EVERYBODY! THAT'S A LOVELY SHIP IN THAT GLASS BOTTLE, LOIS!... AND IF I SMOKED, I'D WANT A DIAMOND SET LIGHTER JUST LIKE PERRY'S!

THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE SCARED OF IT!

THAT SHIP'S BEEN THERE A WEEK, AND YOU NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE!



SURE YOU FEEL OKAY, CLARK?

YOU'VE BEEN... ACTING MIGHTY FUNNY, AND YOU STILL ARE!

NEVER FELT MORE NORMAL, AND WHAT A GRAND FEELING IT IS!



THE END

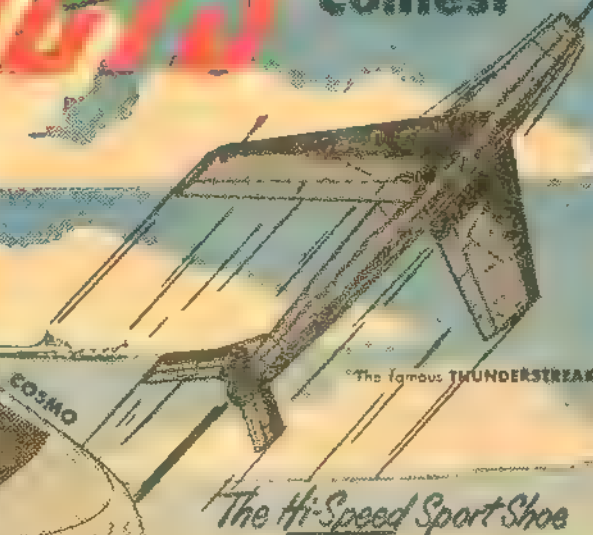
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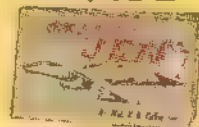
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HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU KNOW?

No Longer a Simple Catalogue of Words, the Dictionary
Is Now the History of the World's Progress

A parrot can learn 200 to 300 words.

A bright child of seven may know 21,000.

A bright child of ten may know about 34,000.

The normal child throughout the American graded schools adds 3,000 to 4,000 words to his vocabulary every year.

The well-read man knows something between 120,000 and 250,000.

How many words do you know?

Of the vast number of words doing duty in our speech, how many are you able to use? In our daily speech we sometimes discover that we are using words repetitiously, unnecessarily, inaccurately. Chances of being misunderstood increase with every word we add to our growing language store.

In these days of atomic energy, rockets, jet propulsion, H-bombs, and other developments each bringing its own particular vocabulary to the world, the average person is faced with the dilemma of choosing the proper word, the particular phrase which clearly explains his thoughts.

Dictionary experts estimate that even in normal times thousands of new words are added to our language each year. In hectic times such as these, the number is even greater. But only a comparative few live very long.

New words are coined by almost everyone. The larger percentage come from research laboratories where men are struggling with new ideas, new processes, and new products. Once the new creation is born, a word must be found for it—and so we have *biochemics*, *cyclotron*, *narcosyn-*

thesis, *radar*, *teleran* and thousands of others, most of them from the rich domain of medicine, chemistry, physics, or related sciences. Other fields also contribute.

Here's an example of how our word store has grown. The first dictionary published in America, written by Samuel Johnson (not the famous doctor), in 1798 contained 4,150 terms. The Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary contains nearly 460,000 vocabulary terms.

The methods used by the dictionary people would amaze and astound the erudite Mr. Johnson. To assemble this gigantic mass of data, specialized readers were assigned to specific subjects—such as medicine, law, biology, horticulture—in more than 300 branches of learning.

More than 2,000,000 quotations resulted from this survey, which formed the basis for interpreting the delicate shades of meaning of words that have been passed on to us.

Forty expert word definers were kept busy for 40 months defining and classifying the variations of meaning. Each definition in turn was passed upon by the most renowned expert to whom it could be referred.

Then an art department scoured the world for 7,000 illustrations of some of the objects described—objects which words alone have been unable to fully describe or of which they cannot produce a mental image.

As a result of this meticulous research, the dictionary has become more than a simple catalog of words. It is now the history of the world's progress.



FROM CAIRO TO CAPETOWN SPEEDS STRANGE AND STARTLING NEWS! SINISTER NEWS THAT FILTERS THROUGH THE AFRICAN VELD, THE DESOLATE DESERT, AND THE STEAMING JUNGLE! STUNNING NEWS TO THE EFFECT THAT THE ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER WHOSE INTREPID ADVENTURES HAVE WON HIM WORLD-WIDE FAME, HAS LOST HIS NERVE AND BECOME...

CONGO BILL

COWARD

AT LAST, CONGO BILL YOU HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH BWANA, KING OF THE RED-ROBED BANDITS! TAKE HIM!

I--I CAN'T! I'M... AFRAID!



ONE DAY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOMBASA, ON THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, AS CONGO BILL SETS OUT ON A MISSION TO THE INTERIOR...

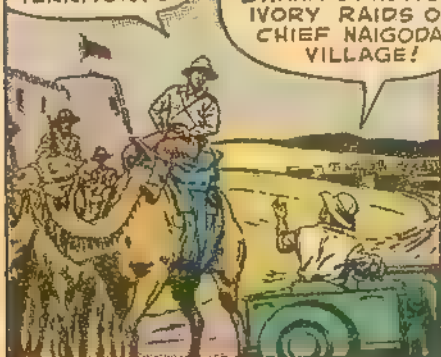
WELL, WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T CONGO BILL! AND WHAT ILL WIND BRINGS YOU TO TANGANYIKA TERRITORY?

HI, CAPTAIN CORWIN! I'M GOING TO TRY TO PUT A STOP TO THE BWANA BANDITS' IVORY RAIDS ON CHIEF NAIGODA'S VILLAGE!

ARE YOU MAD? THAT BLOODY BWANA BAND HAS OVER 100 HARD-FIGHTING KILLERS IN IT! WHAT CAN ONE MAN HOPE TO DO AGAINST THEM?

ROUND 'EM UP, CAPTAIN, ROUND 'EM UP! MY BEST REGARDS TO YOUR REGIMENT, CORWIN!

WIMBLY, OLD TOPPER, THERE GOES THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



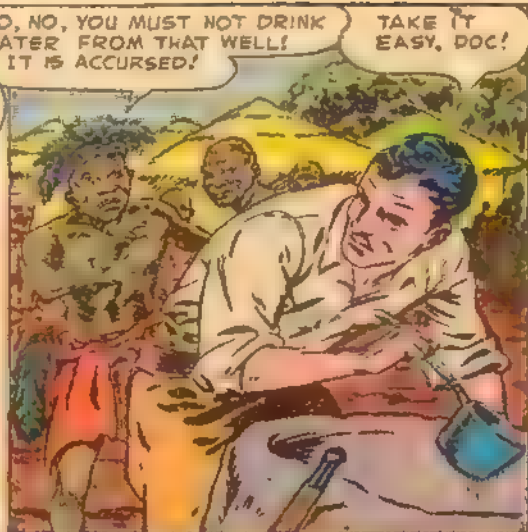
WEEKS LATER, THE ADVENTURER ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION, THE THRIVING VILLAGE OF MAHANGO, WHERE...

... SO I SENT FOR YOU, CONGO BILL, HOPING YOU MAYBE FIND OUT WHERE BWANA HIDES IN JUNGLE, AND PUT END TO RAIDS!

I'LL BORROW TWO OF YOUR TRACKERS, CHIEF NAIGODA, AND SET OUT AT ONCE! BUT FIRST I NEED A LONG, COOL DRINK!

NO, NO, YOU MUST NOT DRINK WATER FROM THAT WELL! IT IS ACCURSED!

TAKE IT EASY, DOC!



IT TRUE, TRUE! I CURSE WELL MYSELF IN HOPE BWANA BANDITS DRINK FROM IT WHEN THEY RAID VILLAGE! CURSE IS -- WHO DRINKS WATER BECOMES COWARD... WORSE COWARD THAN FISI! *

A LIKELY TALE! THAT STUFF MAY WORK WITH MR. BWANA, BUT NOT WITH ME! HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, DOC!

THE INCIDENT IS FORGOTTEN AS CONGO BILL AND TWO SCOUTS PLUNGE INTO THE THICK OF THE JUNGLE AFTER THE RED-ROBED BWANA BANDITS, BUT LATER THAT SAME DA-

A LEOPARD! SHOOT, CONGO BILL!



* FISI IS SWAHILI FOR HYENAS, KNOWN AS THE MOST COWARDLY OF AFRICAN ANIMALS ...

SHOOT, CONGO BILL!

I---I--- C-CAN'T...!



AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT...



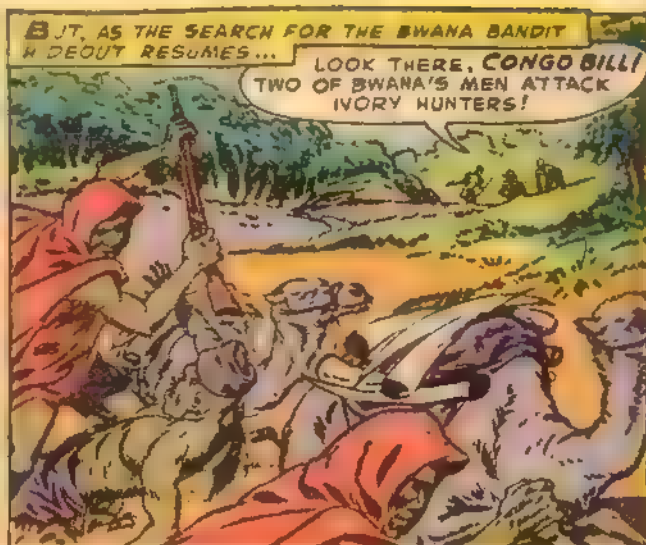


ACTION COMICS



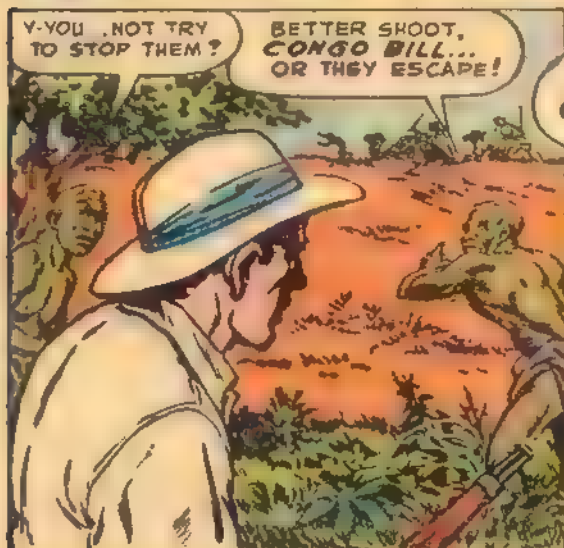
THE-THE WATER
YOU DRINK... MAYBE
IT MAKE YOU...
COWARD?

ROT! IT'S JUST
THE BLASTED HEAT
OF THE JUNGLE!
I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! LET'S
GO!



BUT, AS THE SEARCH FOR THE BWANA BANDIT
H DEOUT RESUMES...

LOOK THERE, CONGO BILL!
TWO OF BWANA'S MEN ATTACK
IVORY HUNTERS!



V-YOU NOT TRY
TO STOP THEM?

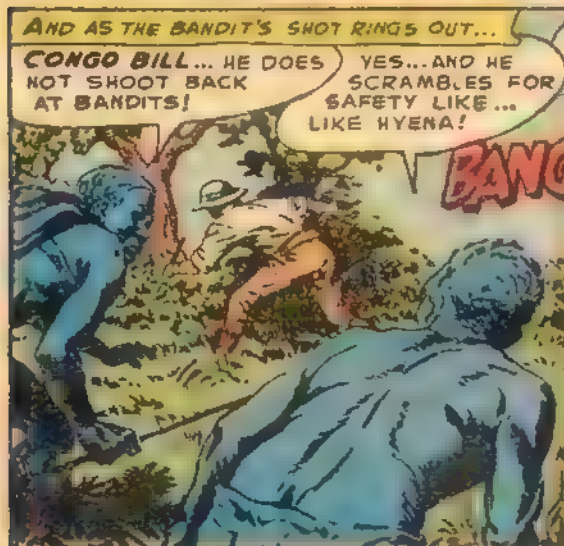
BETTER SHOOT,
CONGO BILL...
OR THEY ESCAPE!



MEANWHILE...

LOOK! BWANA SPOKE
THE TRUTH! HE SAID
CONGO BILL WAS IN
TANGANYIKA!

HE DOES NOT COME AFTER
US! I WILL FIRE SHOT
AT HIM!



AND AS THE BANDIT'S SHOT RINGS OUT...

CONGO BILL... HE DOES
NOT SHOOT BACK
AT BANDITS!

YES... AND HE
SCRAMBLES FOR
SAFETY LIKE...
LIKE HYENA!



THAT STORY WE HEARD... FROM
BWANA'S SPY IN THE VILLAGE
OF MANANGO... IT MUST BE
TRUE!

YES! WAIT TILL
BWANA HEARS
CONGO BILL
IS REALLY
COWARD!



ACTION COMICS



BAD NEWS TRAVELS SWIFTLY IN THE JUNGLE, AND SO CONGO BILL AND THE TAO SCOUTS ARRIVE AT A SMALL MOUNTAIN LAKE...



I CAN USE A DRINK!

GO AWAY! WE DO NOT DRINK THE SAME WATER AS A COWARD!

B-BUT---



HERE, CONGO BILL...TAKE MY CANTEEN! I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE BRAVEST MAN IN JUNGLE, AND FRIEND OF ALL MEN IN TROUBLE!

WE DO NOT GO ON WITH YOU TO FIND THE WICKED BWANA!

B-BUT I---I PROMISED TO FIND HIS HIDEOUT, AND I'VE NEVER BROKEN A PROMISE BEFORE! IT---IT'S JUST THE HEAT OF THE JUNGLE THAT'S BOTHERING ME, THAT'S ALL! I--MUST GO ON!

THEN...YOU BETTER GO ON ALONE! YOU WOULD BE NO HELP TO US IN A FIGHT, CONGO BILL!



T-THANKS!



I...I UNDERSTAND!

AND AS THE LONE FIGURE TRUDGES ON...



TOO BAD!

YES...FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED HIDE-OUT OF THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT LEADER, BWANA...

HE IS A COWARD, BWANA... WE HAVE SEEN IT... BUT HIS GREAT PRIDE PUSHES HIM ON!

MAYBE... MAYBE, BUT WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS. GO AND BRING HIM HERE! BUT MAKE CERTAIN IT IS NOT A TRAP, OR THAT HE IS FOLLOWED BY LARGE FORCE OF CHIEF NAIGODA!





ACTION COMICS



ACCORDINGLY, AT NIGHT...

WELL? LET US SEE
SAMPLE OF THE
FAMOUS CONGO BILL'S
GREAT SHOOTING! GO
ON, SHOOT, SHOOT!

DO NOT WORRY.. HE
WILL NOT SHOOT!
BUT **WE WILL**.
YOU COWARD, IF
YOU DON'T GET
MOVING! STRAIGHT
AHEAD!



AND SOON...

HO, HO, HA, HA... LOOK AT MY MEN!
THEY FEAR TO TAKE RIFLE FROM HIM!
CAN YOU NOT SEE HE IS NOT THE MAN HE
ONCE WAS! WATCH, YOU TIMID SOULS,
I WILL TAKE IT FROM HIM WITH BARE
HANDS!

D-DON'T
TRY
IT,
BWANA!



BUT AS BWANA STRIDES FORWARD,
HEEDLESS OF CONGO BILL'S
WARNING...

HA, HA... LOOK AT HIM
NOW. CLIMBING UP A
TREE LIKE A SCARED
MONKEY!

HE WON'T
GET FAR,
BWANA!



THEY, IN THE NEXT MOMENT, AS
SHOTS FROM ABOVE RING
OUT...

IT'S
**CONGO
BILL!**
HE'S
SHOOTING
UP THERE!
IT MUST
BE A
SIGNAL,
BWANA!

BAH! WHAT GOOD
WILL THAT DO HIM?
IT IS A DARK NIGHT!
EVEN THE FINEST
TRACKERS COULD
NOT FIND THIS
PLACE BY THE
SOUND OF RIFLE
FIRE ALONE!

BANG
BANG



BUT, SHORTLY AFTER

LOOK,
BWANA...
AN
AMBUSH!

H-HUNDREDS
OF CHIEF
NAIGODA'S
MEN!



AND IN THE FURIOUS
FIGHT THAT FOLLOWS...

LOOK AT CONGO BILL!
SOME COWARD... YOU
FOOL!

BETTER SURRENDER, BWANA...
BEFORE WE ARE ALL KILLED!





ACTION COMICS



SOON

HOW DID YOU
TRACK US HERE,
CHIEF NAIGODA?

ASK **CONGO BILL!**
HE SHOW YOU!

I'LL BE
GLAD TO...

TRACER
BULLETS!

YES...THEY
LEFT A
FIERY
PATH IN
THE SKY...
WHICH WE
WERE EASILY
ABLE TO
FOLLOW!

EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T
DARE SHOOT THE RIFLE... IN
THE FEAR THAT ONE OF YOUR
SPIES WOULD PROMPTLY
REPORT THE INFORMATION
TO YOU... AND YOU'D
SUSPECT OUR
SCHEME!

YES... ONLY
THREE MEN
KNEW OF THE
LITTLE PLOT...
THE WITCH DOCTOR,
CONGO BILL,
AND MYSELF!

YES AND I'M
AFRAID THE NATIVES
IN THE JUNGLE HAVE
A PRETTY POOR
OPINION OF ME
RIGHT NOW!

NOT WHEN THEY LEARN
WHAT YOU HAVE DONE,
CONGO BILL! THEY
KNOW IT TAKES A
VERY BRAVE MAN TO
ACT THE PART OF A
COWARD!

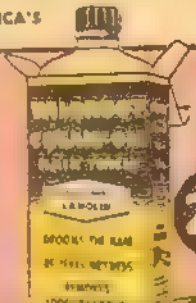
THE END

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the natural oil of your skin
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WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

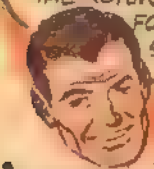


"Oh, boy - a whole case of
Wildroot Cream-Oil!"

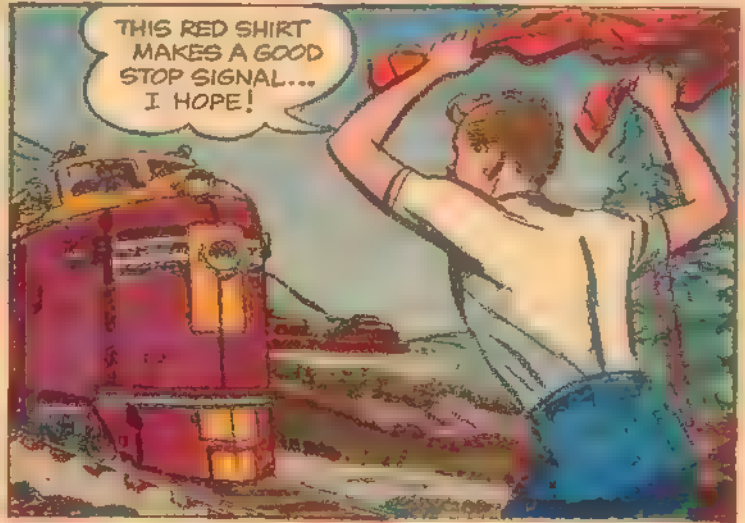


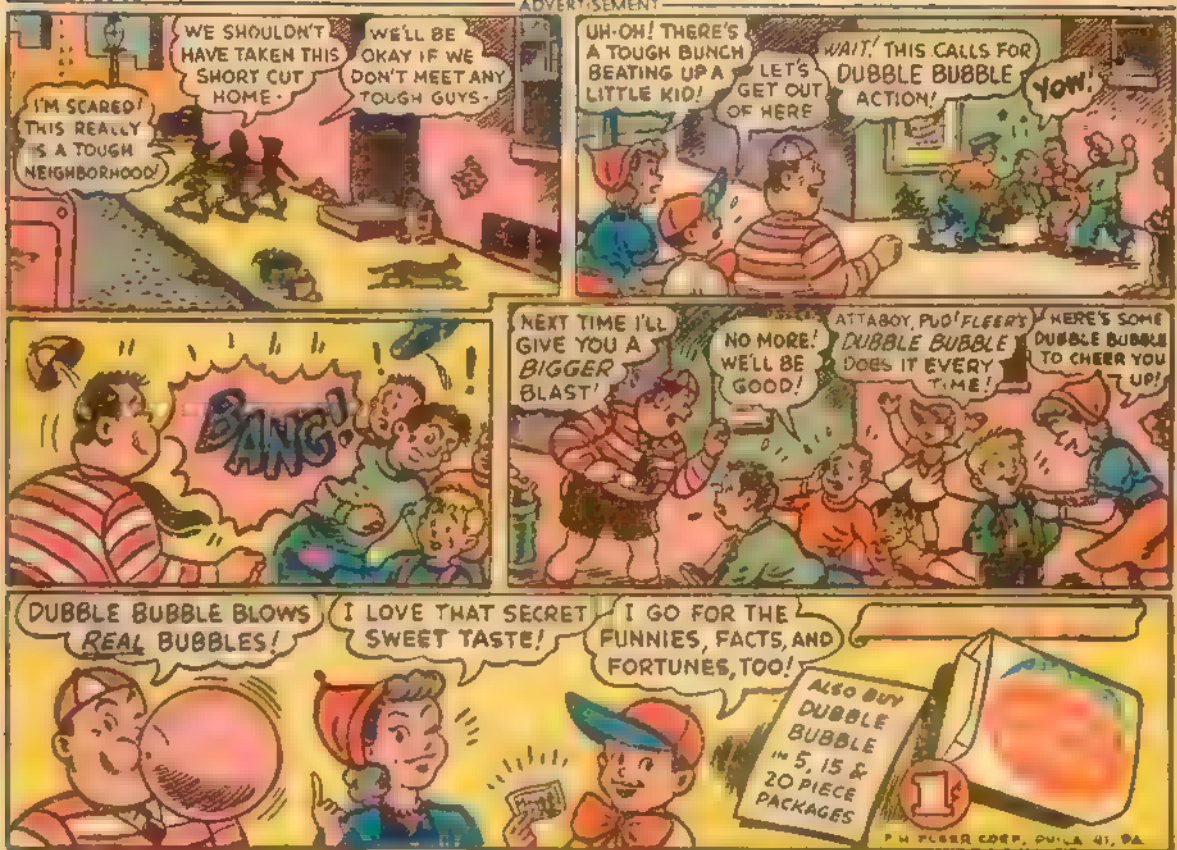
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BE SURE
TO GET THE
LATEST ISSUE
OF
THE ADVENTURES OF
Dean
MARTIN and
Jerry
LEWIS
TODAY!





Tommy
TOMORROW

HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU! READ IT QUICK, BEFORE IT BURNS UP ON THIS FIERY WORLD!

IN THE 21ST CENTURY, EVEN AS TODAY, THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH! BUT INSTEAD OF TODAY'S AIR-MAIL, IT'S THE **SPACE-MAIL** WHICH MUST BE DELIVERED ON MANY WORLDS! AND WHEN CRYPTIC CATASTROPHE PERILS THE PLANETARY POSTAL SERVICE, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS MUST BECOME A COURIER OF THE VOID TO SOLVE ...

"The SPACE-MAIL MYSTERY!"

IT'S THE BUSIEST PLACE IN THE 21ST CENTURY--THE CENTRAL SOLAR SYSTEM POST OFFICE!

THERE COMES THE NIGHT MAIL FROM MARS!

AND THERE GOES THE MAIL FOR THE JOVIAN MOON ROUTE!

INSIDE THE POST OFFICE, A STRANGE PROBLEM WORRIES OFFICIALS...

THEN YOU POSTAL INSPECTORS CAN'T SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ASTEROID ROUTE 1?

NO... IT'S THE MOST MENACING PUZZLE WE'VE EVER FACED, AND IT'S BAFFLED US!



ACTION COMICS



THIS CASE REQUIRES INVESTIGATION BY SOMEONE WITH A SUPER-KNOWLEDGE OF SPACE AND OTHER WORLDS! I'D SUGGEST THE PLANETEERS BE CALLED IN!

I'LL CONTACT THE R. COMMANDER AT ONCE!



WHEN THE PLANETEERS ARE ASKED TO FURNISH AN ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER, IT'S USUALLY COLONEL TOMORROW THEY SEND!

BUT YOUR OWN INSPECTORS HAVE ALWAYS DEALT EFFICIENTLY WITH MAIL ROBBERIES!

COLONEL TOMORROW, WE'RE UP AGAINST A SERIES OF STRANGE MISHAPS. EVERY DAY WE'RE LOSING SHIPS AND PILOTS! I'LL EXPLAIN--



AS YOU KNOW, OUR ONE-MAN MAIL-SHIPS CARRY LETTERS AND PACKAGES TO EVERY WORLD IN THE GALAXY FROM CYRUS TO--

HERE'S YOUR MAIL, FELLOWES!

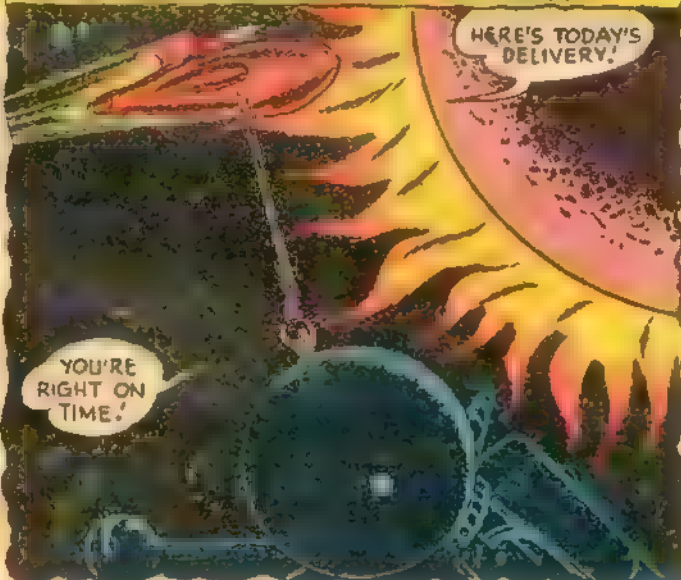
A LETTER FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND ON EARTH! THANKS!



...TO THE FLOATING SOLAR OBSERVATORY NEAR THE SUN!

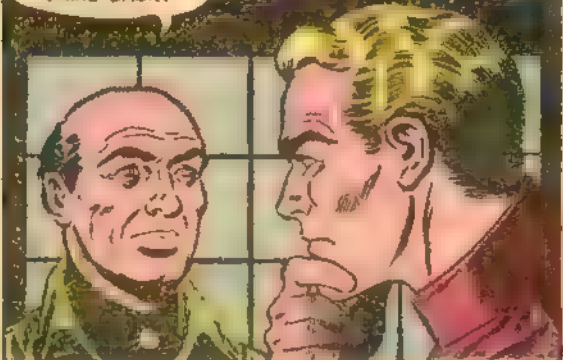
HERE'S TODAY'S DELIVERY!

YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME!



WE HAVE SCORES OF SUCH ROUTES THROUGH SPACE! BUT ON ONE OF THEM, ASTEROID ROUTE 1 TWO MAILMEN AND THEIR SHIPS VANISHED! THEY NEVER CAME BACK!

NO ORDINARY THIEF COULD STEAL AN ENTIRE MAIL-SHIP! IT'S WEIRD!



THEN YOU'LL INVESTIGATE, COLONEL TOMORROW?

YES--I'LL INVESTIGATE BY CARRYING THAT MAIL-ROUTE MYSELF! GIVE ME A UNIFORM, AND I'LL TURN POSTMAN UNTIL I SOLVE THIS RIDDLE!





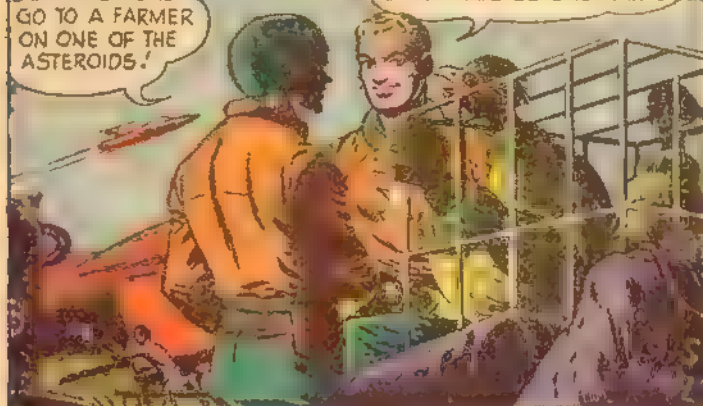
ACTION COMICS.



PRESENTLY, AS "MAILMAN" TOMMY TOMORROW PREPARES TO SET FORTH ON A PERILOUS PLANETARY POSTAL ROUTE...

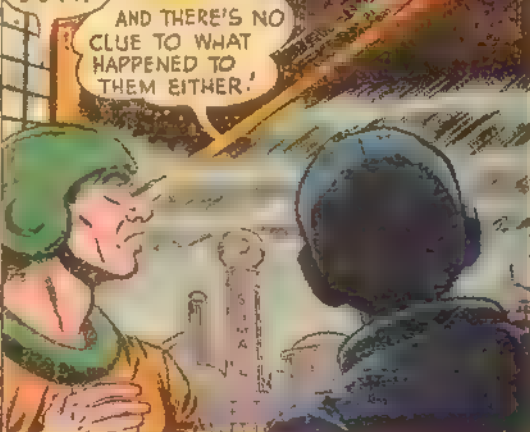
THESE GANT JOVIAN CHICKS GO TO A FARMER ON ONE OF THE ASTEROIDS!

I CAN SEE THIS LITTLE MAIL-SHIP WILL BE CROWDED!



I HOPE HE COMES BACK-- THE LAST TWO MAILMEN WHO HAD THAT ROUTE D DNT.

AND THERE'S NO CLUE TO WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM EITHER!



Zooming out toward the asteroids, Tommy's troubles begin...

THERE'S HARDLY ROOM TO PILOT--AND THOSE GIANT CHICKS KEEP PECKING AT ME! I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN THEY'RE DELIVERED!



BUT A SPACE MAILMAN HAS TO PICK UP PACKAGES AS WELL AS DELIVER THEM!

HERE ARE YOUR CHICKS-- AND I'M GLAD TO BE RID OF THEM!

RIGHT! AND HERE'S MY REGULAR SHIPMENT OF JOVIAN EGGS TO TAKE ALONG!



AND AT THE NEXT ASTEROID...

YOU MEAN I'VE GOT TO GET THAT INTO THE SHIP, TOO?

CERTAINLY! I'M SHIPPING IT TO EARTH-- I'M JON SKARTH AND I MANUFACTURE SPECIALIZED MACHINERY FROM THE RARE METALS ON THIS ASTEROID!



THE LAST TWO MACHINERY SHIPMENTS I SENT WERE LOST WHEN THE MAILMEN AND THEIR SHIPS DISAPPEARED: THIS ONE MUST GET THROUGH OR I'LL COMPLAIN OF THE MAIL SERVICE!

YES, SIR--I'LL TRY TO GET THIS DELIVERED SAFELY!

I STILL HAVEN'T ANY IDEA OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE SHIPS! LET'S SEE--MY NEXT STOP IS AT FIRE ASTEROID!

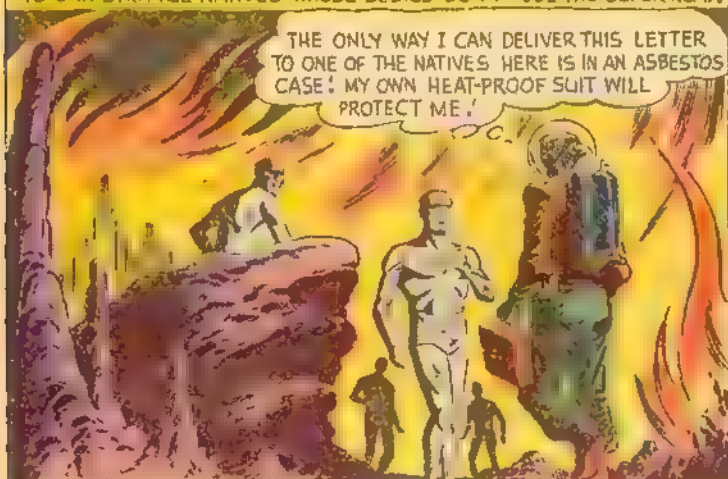




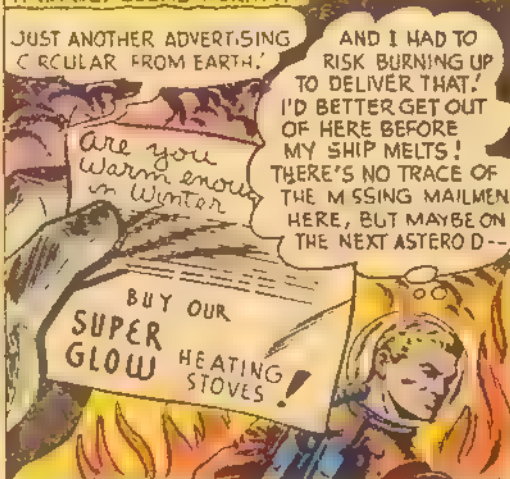
ACTION COMICS



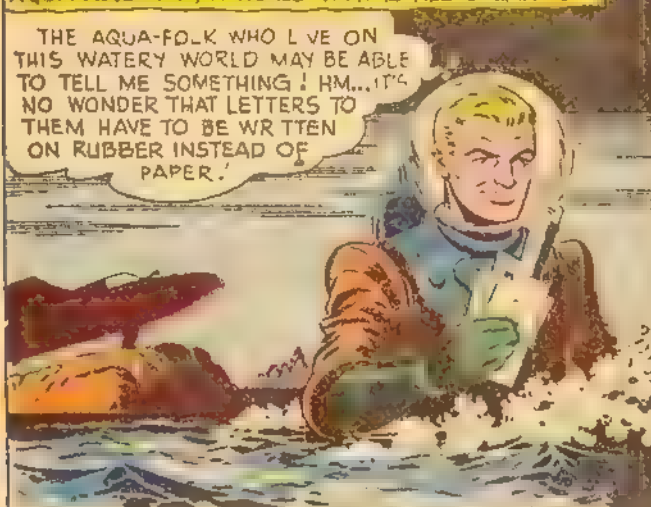
NO ORDINARY HUMAN CAN LIVE LONG ON **FIRE ASTEROID**, BUT IT HAS ITS OWN STRANGE NATIVES WHOSE BODIES DON'T FEEL THE SUPER HEAT!



THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH, BUT SOMETIMES IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH IT!



IT'S TOUGH MAKING MAIL DELIVERIES AT THE NEXT STOP, **AQUA ASTEROID**, A WORLD THAT IS ALL OCEAN...



BUT IN THE WEIRD UNDERSEA CIVILIZATION...



IT SEEMS THEY DISAPPEARED DURING THIS PART OF THEIR ROUTE—BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE NO DANGER AT ALL IN THIS REGION!

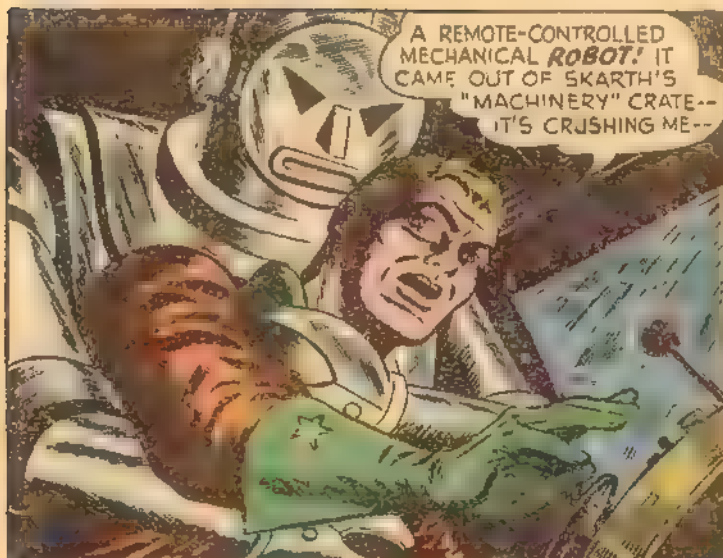


UNKNOWN TO TOMMY TOMORROW, THE DREAD DANGER HE IS SEEKING IS RIGHT INSIDE HIS SHIP WITH HIM!

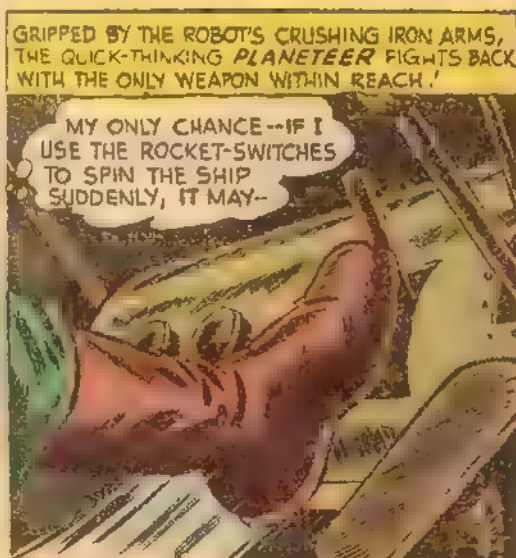




ACTION COMICS

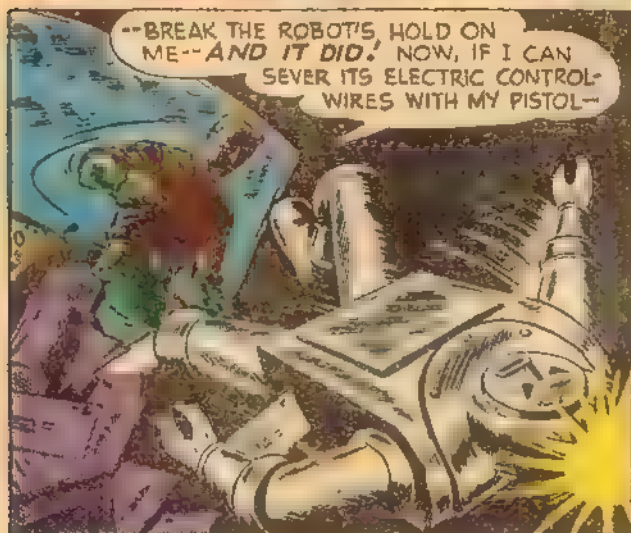


A REMOTE-CONTROLLED MECHANICAL **ROBOT!** IT CAME OUT OF SKARTH'S "MACHINERY" CRATE-- IT'S CRUSHING ME--

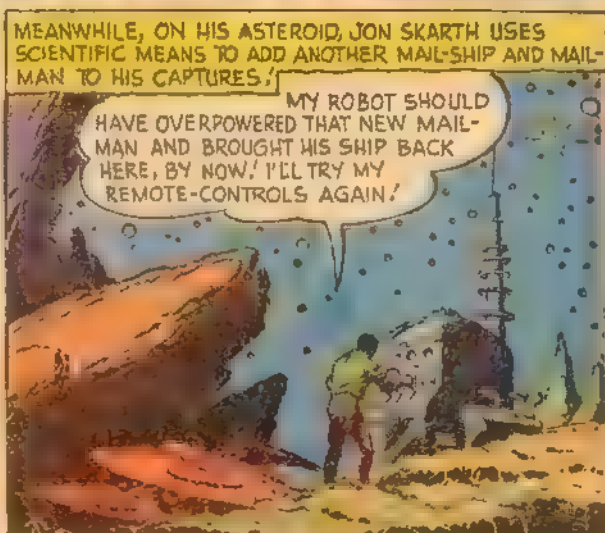


GRIPPED BY THE ROBOT'S CRUSHING IRON ARMS, THE QUICK-THINKING **PLANETEER** FIGHTS BACK WITH THE ONLY WEAPON WITHIN REACH!

MY ONLY CHANCE--IF I USE THE ROCKET-SWITCHES TO SPIN THE SHIP SUDDENLY, IT MAY--



--BREAK THE ROBOT'S HOLD ON ME-- **AND IT DID!** NOW, IF I CAN SEVER ITS ELECTRIC CONTROL-WIRES WITH MY PISTOL--

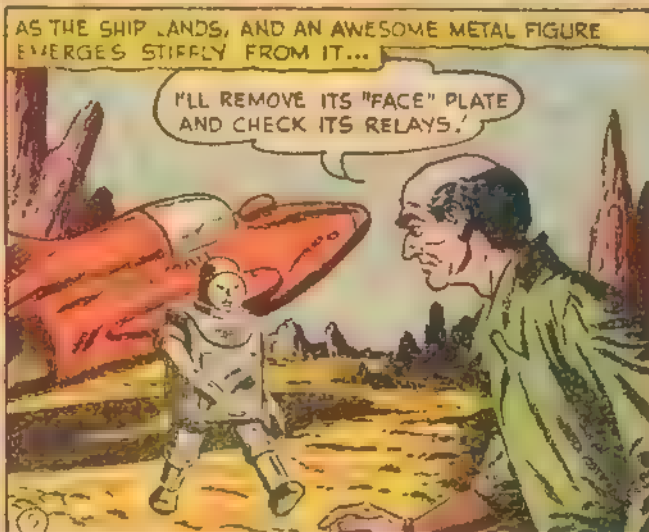


MEANWHILE, ON HIS ASTEROID, JON SKARTH USES SCIENTIFIC MEANS TO ADD ANOTHER MAIL-SHIP AND MAIL-MAN TO HIS CAPTURES!

MY ROBOT SHOULD HAVE OVERPOWERED THAT NEW MAIL-MAN AND BROUGHT HIS SHIP BACK HERE, BY NOW! I'LL TRY MY REMOTE-CONTROLS AGAIN!



THERE IT COMES, FINALLY, AFTER WANDERING ALL OVER MY ASTEROID! THE ROBOT'S CONTROL-RELAYS MUST BE A LITTLE OUT OF ORDER!



AS THE SHIP LANDS, AND AN AWESOME METAL FIGURE EMERGES STIFFLY FROM IT...

I'LL REMOVE ITS "FACE" PLATE AND CHECK ITS RELAYS!



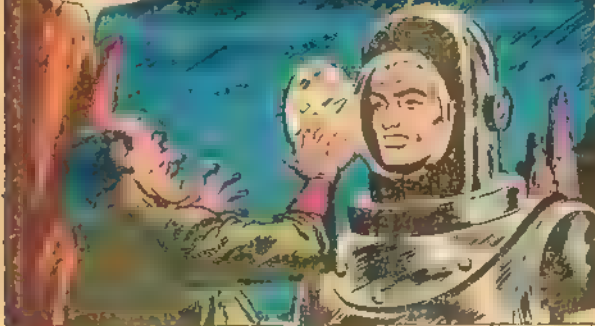
ACTION COMICS



BUT AS THE ROBOT'S METAL "FACE" COMES OFF, A SURPRISE AWAITS THE SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL!

THE NEW MAILMAN-- INSIDE THE OUTER METAL SKIN OF MY ROBOT! BUT HOW-- WHY--

I PUT YOUR ROBOT OUT OF CONTROL, MR. SKARTH, AND USED ITS METAL "SKIN" AS A DISGUISE.



I WANTED TO TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE, TO FIND OUT WHERE THOSE MISSING MAILMEN ARE BEFORE YOU COULD DO AWAY WITH THEM.

I--I SURRENDER! THE MAILMEN ARE LOCKED UP IN A ROOM IN MY LABORATORY.



AND SOON, AS TOMMY RESCUES THE CAPTIVE MAILMEN--

SKARTH WAS MAKING REMOTE-CONTROLLED ROBOTS HERE--INSTEAD OF MACHINERY--ROBOTS TO USE FOR CRIME! HE "MAILED" THEM WITH YOU EACH TIME, SO HE COULD USE THEM TO CAPTURE YOUR SHIPS! THEN HE'D SEND THEM IN THE SHIPS TO LOOT VALUABLES FROM OTHER WORLDS.

I'D HAVE SUCCEEDED IF THEY HADN'T BROUGHT IN A PLANETEER ON ME.



LATER, WHEN TOMORROW HAS REPORTED BACK TO HIS REGULAR DUTIES--

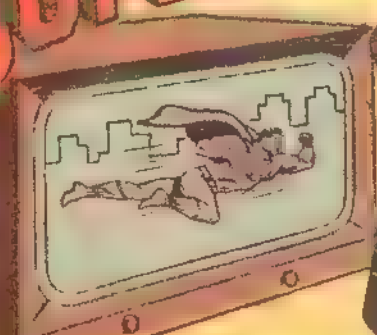
PLAYING POSTMAN MUST HAVE BEEN A NICE SOFT VACATION FOR YOU, TOMMY.

A VACATION? BRENT, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH SERVICE YOU GET FOR A STAMP, UNTIL YOU TRY DELIVERING THE SPACE-MAIL YOURSELF.



SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!

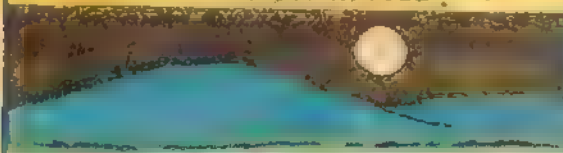
Yes,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
ADVENTURE CHARACTER
COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR
HOME IN
THRILLING LIVE ACTION!



WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY.

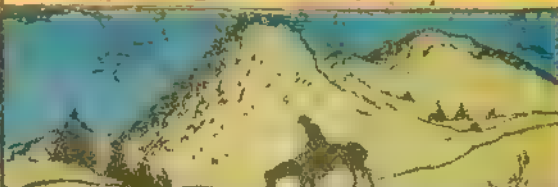
QUICK QUIZ

WHICH IS COLDER... THE NORTH POLE OR THE SOUTH POLE?



THE SOUTH POLE IS MUCH COLDER BECAUSE OF THE GREAT ELEVATION ABOVE SEA LEVEL AT THIS POINT! THE NORTH POLE IS IN THE POLAR SEA!

HOW LARGE IS THE STATE OF COLORADO?



WITH AN AREA OF 103,948 SQ. MILES, COLORADO IS TWICE AS LARGE AS THE COMBINED AREA OF ALL THE NEW ENGLAND STATES!

DO DEEP SEA FISH BURST WHEN CAUGHT AND BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE?



YES! WHEN DEEP SEA FISH, SUCH AS THE RED SNAPPER, ARE BROUGHT UP FROM GREAT DEPTHS, TOO QUICKLY THEY BURST.. SINCE THE SUDDEN CHANGE IS TOO GREAT FOR THE CAPACITY OF THEIR AIR BLADDERS!

HOW MANY COCOONS DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS?



TO MAKE ONE PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS AT LEAST 130 COCOONS ARE REQUIRED!

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MAGIC TRICKS

THE MAGIC SUGAR CUBE

Have somebody mark his initials on a cube of sugar with a soft black lead pencil. Then drop the cube in a glass of water. Take his hand and hold it over the glass. When the cube has dissolved the mark will be on his hand!



HOW TO DO THE TRICK:

While he is marking the sugar, wet your thumb. When you drop the cube in the glass, press your wet thumb on the mark. It'll come off on your thumb. While you hold his hand over the glass, press your thumb on his hand and the mark will come off on it.

A Product of General Foods



MIX TRICKS

Here's a slick trick to make chocolate milk like magic—and make it disappear even faster! Just use new Baker's 4 in 1. Instantly new Baker's 4 in 1 makes luscious, more chocolate-y chocolate milk that tastes so extra-special good it'll be down the hatch in a flash! Tell Mom it's the fun way to drink milk and ask her to get you the large 1-lb. economy size of new Baker's 4 in 1 Instant Cocoa Mix.



Everything CHOCOLATE tastes best when it's BAKER'S!

MIDSHIPMAN MITE

To Uphold Family Tradition, Three-Year-Old
Samuel Barron Became a Navy Officer

WHO was the Navy's youngest officer?
He was Samuel Barron, age three,
years and four months.

His closest competitors were David G. Farragut, hero of Mobile Bay, who entered service when he was nine and a half, and Louis M. Goldsborough, fighter of pirates and Mexicans, explorer of California and Union naval commander, who became a midshipman at seven years and 10 months. So Midshipman Sam'l Barron, age three, has no more youthful peer. (It was different in the British Navy. Records show that future British Navy officers were entered on the rolls as early as age one.)

Ever since Sam'l's great grandfather founded the Hampton, Va., family, the Barrons were followers of the sea. Of the 37 male members of the family, 21 served in the navy. Through seven successive generations, Barrons served as officers in the armed forces, holding continuous high command for 125 years. A Barron commanded the Virginia Navy at two times of crisis during the American Revolution and 34 years later during the Civil War.

Sam'l, born Nov. 28, 1808, was only two years old when his father died suddenly from what was then called "Asiatic fever." Sam'l's uncle adopted the small boy.

Uncle James was in disgrace at the time, having been court-martialed and suspended from duty for his part in the *Chesapeake-Leopard* affair, in which the British frigate *Leopard* made a surprise attack on Uncle James' frigate *Chesapeake* and took off four crewmen whom the British claimed were deserters from their own Navy.

Almost any skipper would have been surprised, because the U. S. and Britain were supposedly at peace in 1807. But Uncle James was nevertheless court-martialed and found guilty of "neglect to clear ship for action." He was suspended from duty for five years.

This was quite a blow to the old sea-going family. The tradition of "always a Barron in the Navy" was now suspended since the only Barron on the Navy rolls was the suspended James Barron.

So it happened that sometime between 1810 and 1812 someone conceived the idea of securing a commission for young Sam'l.

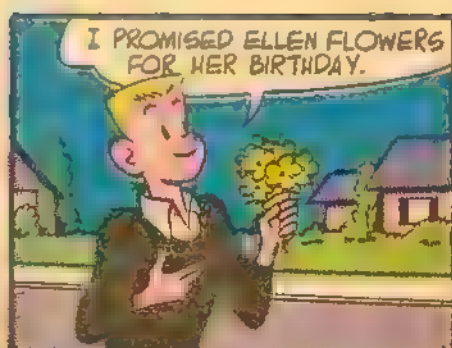
Young Sam'l was appointed a midshipman on April 11, 1812. He had barely learned to steady up his land legs when his first pay check arrived. Midshipman Sam'l also received a few cents a day in place of his grog ration which the Navy, with a view toward propriety, would not allow the three-year-old to imbibe in the usual manner.

The middie mite never spent a day on active duty until he reached the ripe old age of eight. Then he was ordered to report to the Norfolk Navy Yard in 1816. The *USS Columbus* was his first sea assignment, and he sailed for the Mediterranean. Later, he fought pirates when he was only 14, sailed in the ship escorting General Lafayette back to France, and rose to lieutenant after being a midshipman for 15 years. He commanded several warships, guarded Americans in Syria and Liberia, and sailed many seas.

A captain in 1861, he resigned from the U. S. Navy to take command of the Virginia Navy. He was captured by Union forces but was paroled and exchanged, became flag officer of the Confederate naval forces in Europe, and returned to Virginia in retirement when the Southern cause was lost.

He died at the age of 79, and his record as a midshipman at the age of three is likely to stand for the future as well as the past.

(Reprinted from ALL HANDS, The Bureau of Naval Personnel Information Bulletin)



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

ST XNSLQJ QFSI, WFHJ
TW SFYNTSFQNYD HFS
HQFNR FRJWNHF FX
NYX TBS—NY NX F GQJSI
TK RFSD HZQYZWJX
KWTR RFSD QFSIX.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

June

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

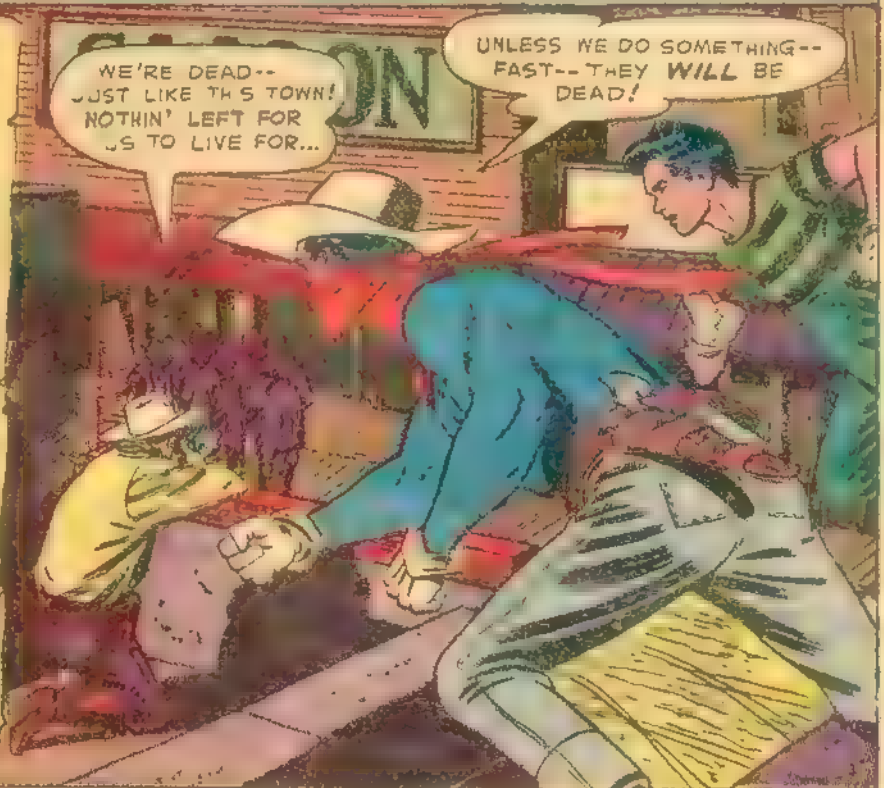
STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

VIGILANTE

MADE RICH BY ITS NEARBY GOLD MINES, ROARING TOWN WAS ONCE PROSPEROUS, FABULOUS, SEETHING WITH LIFE! THEN THE YELLOW VEINS RAN DRY, AND THE TOWN EMPTIED OUT-- AND THE LAST MAN TACKED UP A SIGN, GHOST TOWN! BUT TO THIS PLACE, VISITED ONLY BY SAND, WIND AND TUMBLEWEED, CAME SIX MEN... DERELICTS, DOWN-AND-OUTERS!... SKID-ROWERS OF THE WEST WHO HAD GIVEN UP! AND ALSO CAME THE VIGILANTE, ON AN UNUSUAL ERRAND THAT WOULD CHANGE THE LIVES OF...

The FORGOTTEN MEN OF GHOST TOWN!



THIS WAS ONCE A BOOMING CITY. NOW IT IS AN ABANDONED GHOST TOWN WITH BUT SIX INHABITANTS... SIX MEN WHO HAVE GIVEN UP ON LIFE.

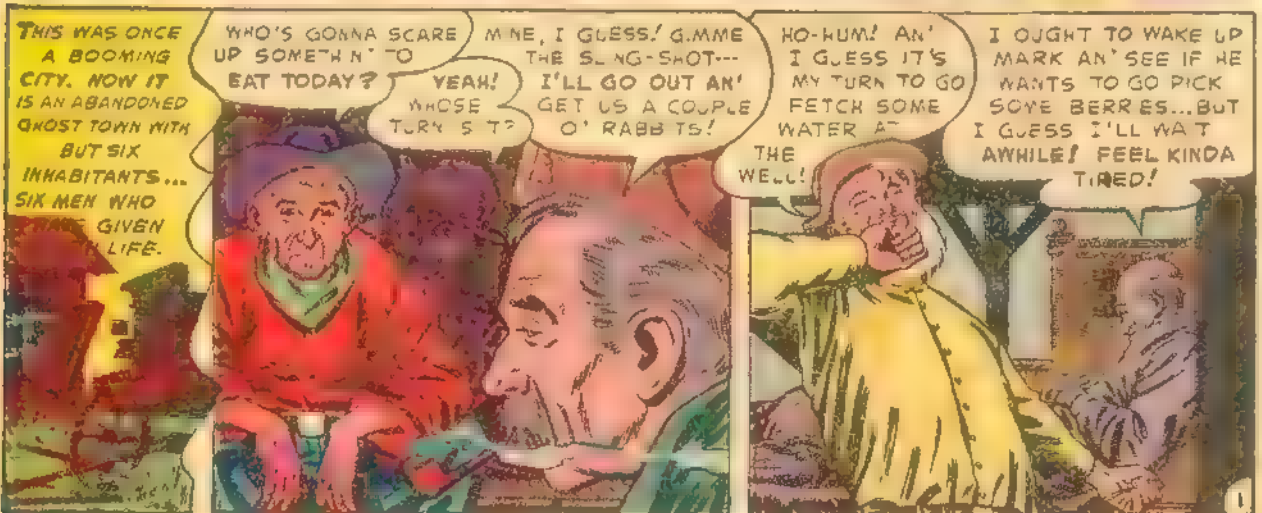
WHO'S GONNA SCARE UP SOMETHIN' TO EAT TODAY?

MINE, I GUESS! G.MME THE SLING-SHOT--- I'LL GO OUT AN' GET US A COUPLE O' RABBITS!

YEAH! WHOSE TURN S IT?

HO-HUM! AN' I GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO GO FETCH SOME WATER AT THE WELL!

I OUGHT TO WAKE UP MARK AN' SEE IF HE WANTS TO GO PICK SOME BERRIES...BUT I GUESS I'LL WAIT AWHILE! FEEL KINDA TIRED!

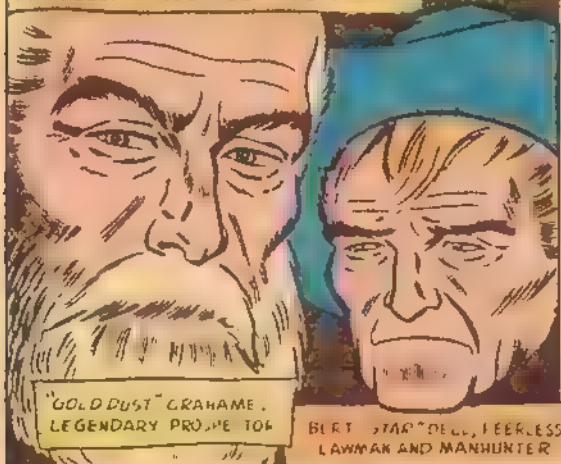




ACTION COMICS



LAZY, SHIFTLESS MEN, THESE SIX RESIDENTS OF GHOST TOWN BUT ONCE THEIR NAMES RANG FAMOUSLY THROUGHOUT THE WEST



"GOLDDUST" GRAHAME, LEGENDARY PROSPECTOR

BERT STARBELL, FEARLESS LAWMAN AND MANHUNTER

TO EACH, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY SOMETHING HAPPENED, SOMETHING THAT SNUFFED OUT THE SPARK OF AMBITION AND TO GHOST TOWN THEY HAVE COME TO FORGET THEIR FAILURES



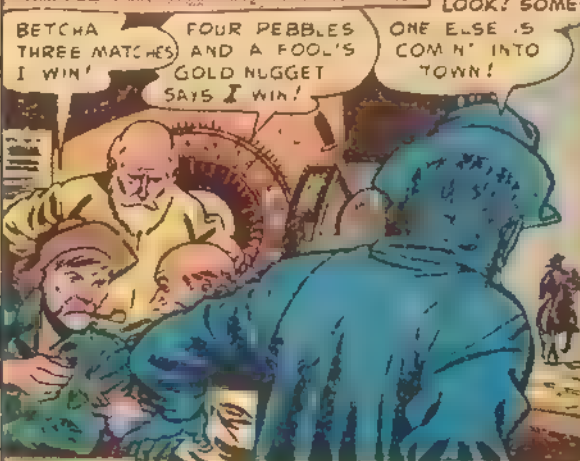
JIM DERRINGER, FAMED SCOUT

MARK FADER, KING OF THE BRONCBUSTERS

JESS HANFY, GREATEST OF THE RANGE RIDERS

PETE ELLISON, FEARLESS STAGE-COACH GUARD

TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME, THE SIX HUMAN DERELICTS GAMBLE FOR WORTHLESS STAKES....



LOOK! SOME-
BETCHA
THREE MATCHES
I WIN!

FOUR PEBBLES
AND A FOOL'S
GOLD NUGGET
SAYS I WIN!

ONE ELSE IS
COMIN' INTO
TOWN!

NOBODY COMES
HERE UNLESS HE'S
DOWN AN' OUT...
WELCOME TO
GHOST TOWN!
WHAT'S YORE
NAME, STRANGER?



SANDERS
GREG SANDERS!
I USED TO BE
CALLED THE
'PRAIRIE
TROUBADOUR!

LOST MY VOICE A
SPELL BACK! GOT
FIRED! SO WHAT?
GUESS I WAS
GETTIN' TIRED O'
WORKIN' ANYHOW!
ANY GRUB AROUND?



NOPE! BUT YUH CAN
ALWAYS GO FETCH
SOME BERRIES--- OR
MAYBE STONE YORESELF
A RABBIT!

YOU'LL FIND THERE'S
NOTHIN' MUCH DOIN'
HERE, SANDERS! THIS
TOWN'S BEEN REAL
DEAD SINCE THE MINES
CLOSED UP 15 YEARS
AGO! BUT YOU DON'T
HAVE TO STAY
HERE!

SOUNDS LIKE IT'S MADE TO
ORDER FOR A CRITTER
LIKE ME! DON'T CARE
MUCH WHAT HAPPENS ANY-
MORE! SO I GUESS YOU
BOYS HAVE AN ADDITION
TO THE POPULATION!





ACTION COMICS



THEY HUNG, WHEN GHOST TOWN WAS SILENT AS A GRAVE...

STUFF! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP!

I WANTED TO WAIT UNTIL EVERYBODY HAD BUNKED DOWN! WELL, HOW'S THE PLAN GOING, GREG?



I WON'T KNOW FOR AWHILE! BUT THESE MEN DO NEED HELP! THEY'VE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE AND ABANDON! THEY'RE LOST AND BEATEN, LIKE THE HUMAN FAILURES YOU SEE ON SKID ROW IN A BIG CITY!



AND THEY WERE ALL ONCE GREAT AND FAMOUS!

I TOLD THEM I HAD LOST MY JOB! IF THEY THINK I'M ALSO A DOWN-AND-OUTER, I'LL BE ABLE TO GAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE. THEN WE'LL TRY TO THINK OF A WAY TO HELP THEM...TO MAKE THEM WANT TO LIVE AGAIN!

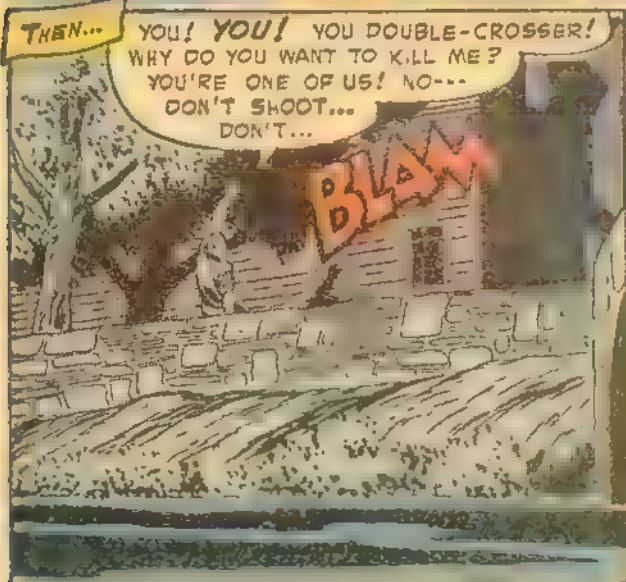


SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO CHANGE TO THE VIGILANTE HERE? COME ON, STUFF!



DOWN THERE--BY THE RIVER! IT'S "GOLD DUST" GRAHAME... IN TROUBLE!

THE RIVER, EH? LET'S CIRCLE AROUND THE OTHER WAY! I DON'T WANT THE VIGILANTE TO BE SEEN...JUST YET!



THEN... YOU! YOU! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER! WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME? YOU'RE ONE OF US! NO--- DON'T SHOOT... DON'T...

BLAM



SOMEBODY SHOT HIM! HE'S FALLIN' INTO THE RIVER!

BEHIND, IN THE SHADOWS, TWO LITHE FIGURES SWING TOWARD THE ROOFTOPS



GRAHAME WAS POINTING TO THE ROOFS! WHOEVER SHOT HIM IS UP THERE!

OVER HERE--THIS IS THE BUILDING GRAHAME WAS POINTING AT!

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!



NOBODY AT ALL!

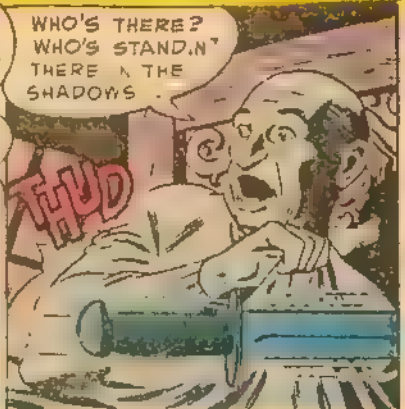
WHOEVER IT WAS, SURE MOVED FAST! AND I CAN'T SEE HOW HE GOT AWAY WITHOUT US SEEING HIM! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO FIND OUT HOW "GOLD DUST" IS!

SHORT MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE VIGILANTE HAS CHANGED BACK AGAIN TO GREG SANDERS...

"GOLD DUST" FELL INTO THE RIVER AFTER HE WAS SHOT! EVEN IF THE SHOT DIDN'T GET HIM-- THE RIVER WOULD! WE COULD NEVER GET 'IM OUT NOW! HE'S BEEN CARRIED DOWNSTREAM!

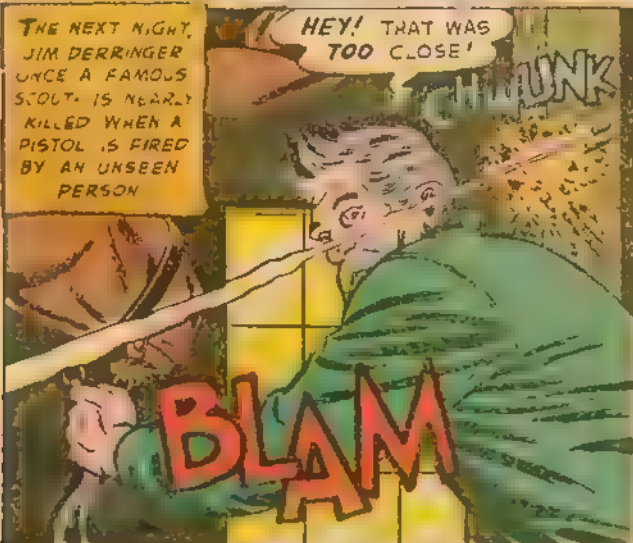
IT WAS ONE OF US WHO DID IT! WHICH ONE?

ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, JESS HANEY IS AWAKENED BY A SOUND. THEN, FROM THE SHADOWS, SOMETHING FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR, AND...



WHO'S THERE? WHO'S STANDIN' THERE IN THE SHADOWS

THUD



THE NEXT NIGHT, JIM DERRINGER ONCE A FAMOUS SCOUT, IS NEARLY KILLED WHEN A PISTOL IS FIRED BY AN UNSEEN PERSON

HEY! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!

BLAM

AND THOUGH A BLUE-SHIRTED, MASKED FIGURE KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL, HIS SHARP EYES DETECT NOT THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER OF GHOST TOWN...

BUT WHY? WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL ANY OF THESE POOR DOWN-AND-OUTERS? DERELICTS!



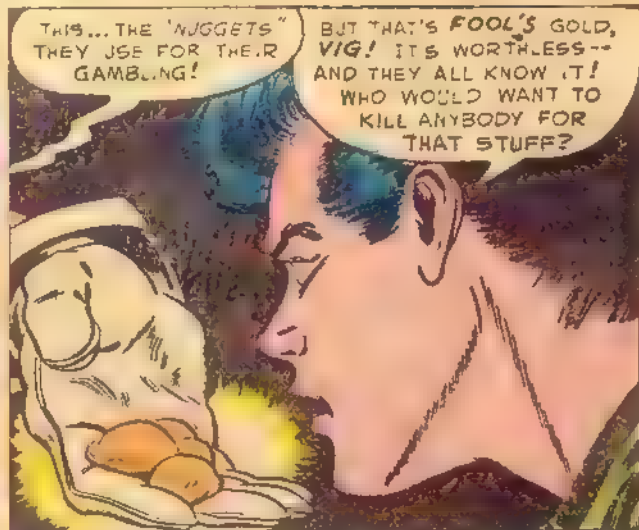


ACTION COMICS



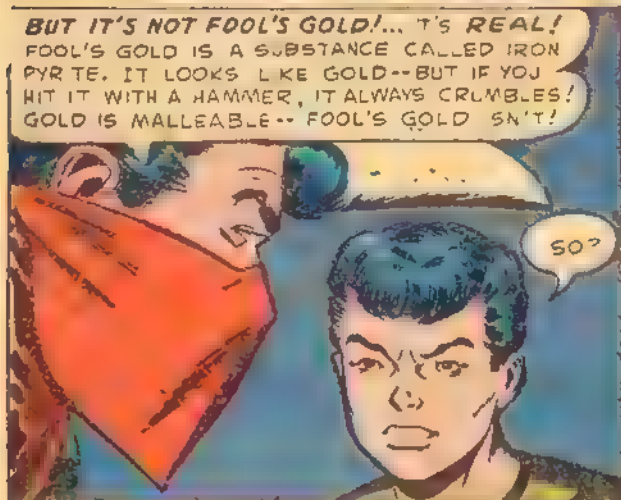
I THINK I HAVE THE MOTIVE BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS!

MOTIVE? YOU MEAN THERE'S A MOTIVE FOR WANTING TO KILL THESE SKID ROW CRITTERS?



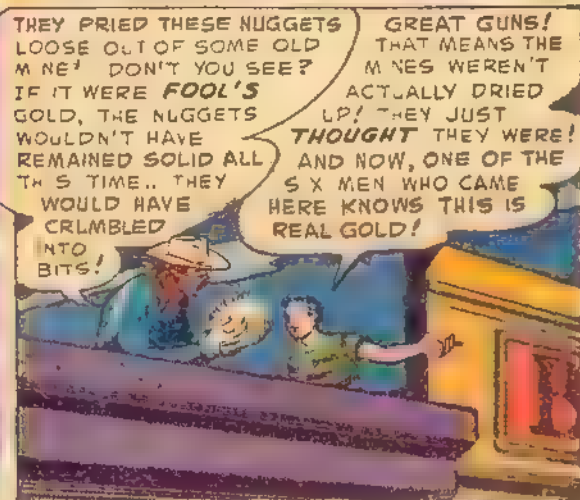
THIS... THE 'NUGGETS' THEY USE FOR THEIR GAMBLING!

BUT THAT'S FOOL'S GOLD, VIG! IT'S WORTHLESS-- AND THEY ALL KNOW IT! WHO WOULD WANT TO KILL ANYBODY FOR THAT STUFF?



BUT IT'S NOT FOOL'S GOLD!... IT'S REAL! FOOL'S GOLD IS A SUBSTANCE CALLED IRON PYRTE. IT LOOKS LIKE GOLD--BUT IF YOU HIT IT WITH A HAMMER, IT ALWAYS CRUMBLES! GOLD IS MALLEABLE-- FOOL'S GOLD SN'T!

SO?



THEY PRIED THESE NUGGETS LOOSE OUT OF SOME OLD MINE! DON'T YOU SEE? IF IT WERE FOOL'S GOLD, THE NUGGETS WOULDN'T HAVE REMAINED SOLID ALL THIS TIME.. THEY WOULD HAVE CRUMBLED INTO BITS!

GREAT GUNS! THAT MEANS THE MINES WEREN'T ACTUALLY DRIED UP! THEY JUST THOUGHT THEY WERE! AND NOW, ONE OF THE SIX MEN WHO CAME HERE KNOWS THIS IS REAL GOLD!



AND WHOEVER KNOWS THAT, KILLED GRAHAME-- AND IS AFTER THE OTHERS! WHEW... SURE DUSTY ON THESE ROOFS! LOOK AT THAT--

DUST, ON THE ROOFS! YOU'RE RIGHT, STUFF! WE'VE BEEN FOOLS! COME ON!

WHAT'S UP NOW?

LET'S GET BACK TO THE ROOFTOP FROM WHICH THE KILLER SHOT GRAHAME! THERE WOULD BE FOOTPRINTS!... FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST!



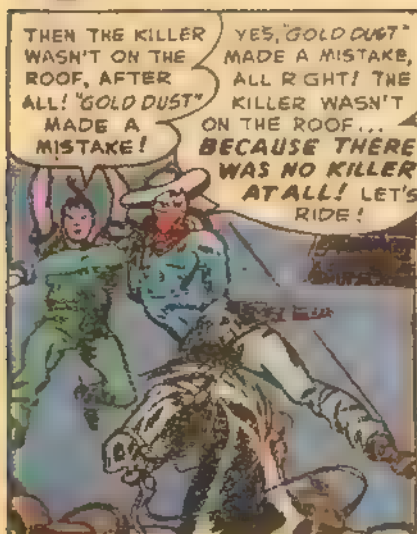
THEN... YES--- IF YOU LOOK CLEARLY, YOU CAN SEE TRACKS IN THE FILM OF DUST! NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS COMPARE THEM, AND WE FIND OUR KILLER!

SORRY--THESE ARE THE TRACKS WE MADE WHEN WE CAME UP HERE AFTER THE KILLER! THERE ARE NO OTHER TRACKS!



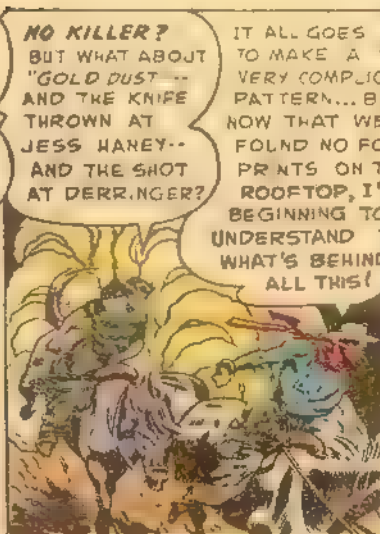


ACTION COMICS



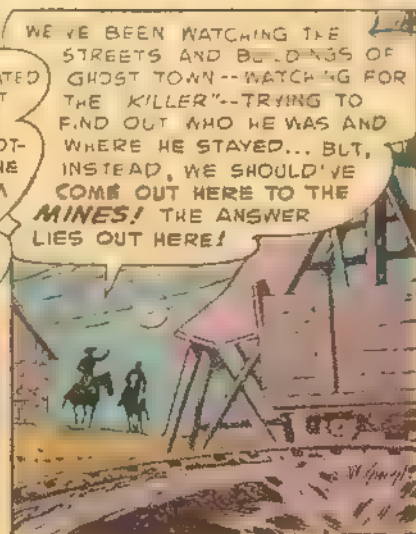
THEN THE KILLER WASN'T ON THE ROOF, AFTER ALL! "GOLD DUST" MADE A MISTAKE!

YES, "GOLD DUST" MADE A MISTAKE, ALL RIGHT! THE KILLER WASN'T ON THE ROOF... **BECAUSE THERE WAS NO KILLER AT ALL!** LET'S RIDE!

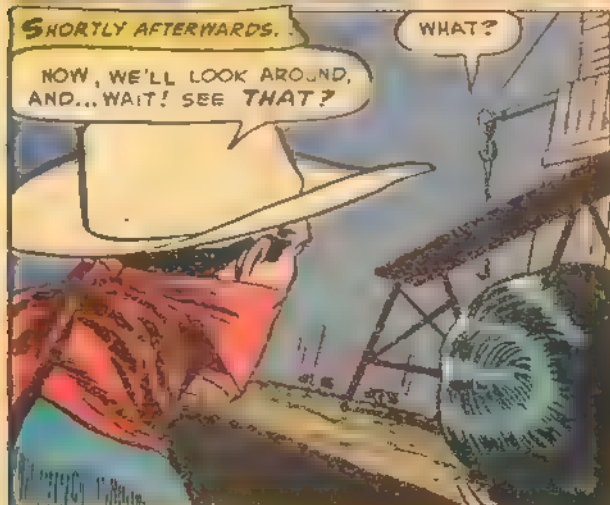


NO KILLER? BUT WHAT ABOUT "GOLD DUST" -- AND THE KNIFE THROWN AT JESS HANEY -- AND THE SHOT AT DERRINGER?

IT ALL GOES TO MAKE A VERY COMPLICATED PATTERN... BUT NOW THAT WE FOUND NO FOOT-PRINTS ON THE ROOFTOP, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS!



WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THE STREETS AND BUILDINGS OF GHOST TOWN -- TRYING FOR THE "KILLER" -- TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO HE WAS AND WHERE HE STAYED... BUT, INSTEAD, WE SHOULD'VE COME OUT HERE TO THE **MINES!** THE ANSWER LIES OUT HERE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

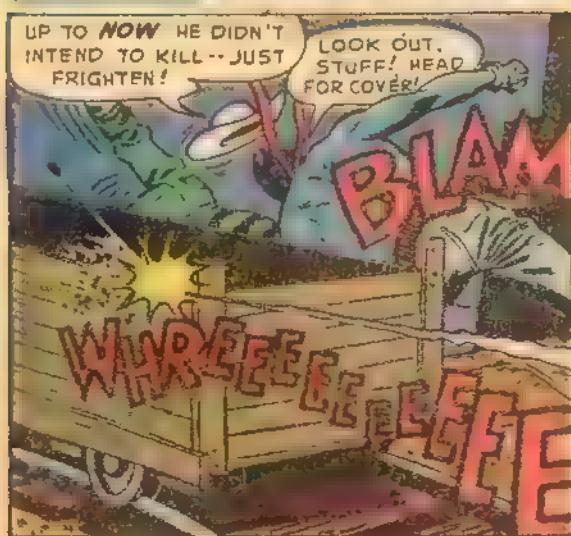
NOW, WE'LL LOOK AROUND, AND... WAIT! SEE **THAT?**

WHAT?



SOMEONE'S BEEN COOKING OUT HERE! THE "KILLER" HAS BEEN LIVING HERE... ENTERING GHOST TOWN AT NIGHT!

FIRST YOU SAID THERE **WAS** NO KILLER, NOW YOU SAY...

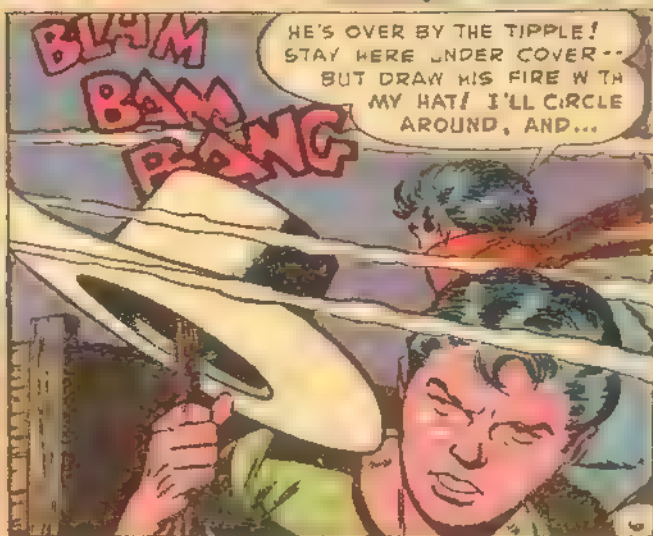


UP TO **NOW** HE DIDN'T INTEND TO KILL -- JUST FRIGHTEN!

LOOK OUT, STUFF! HEAD FOR COVER!

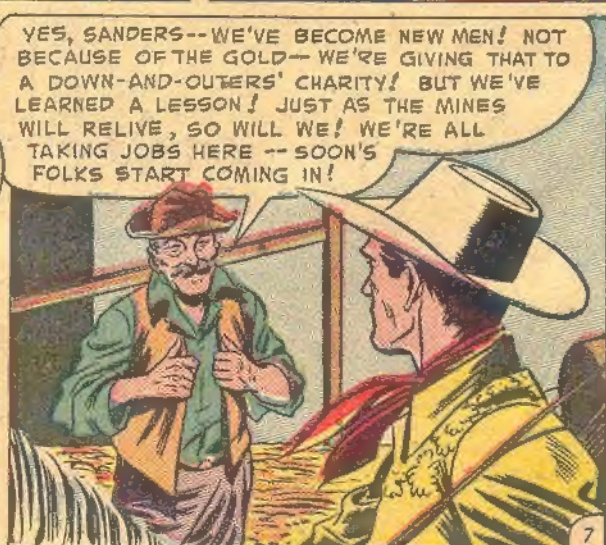
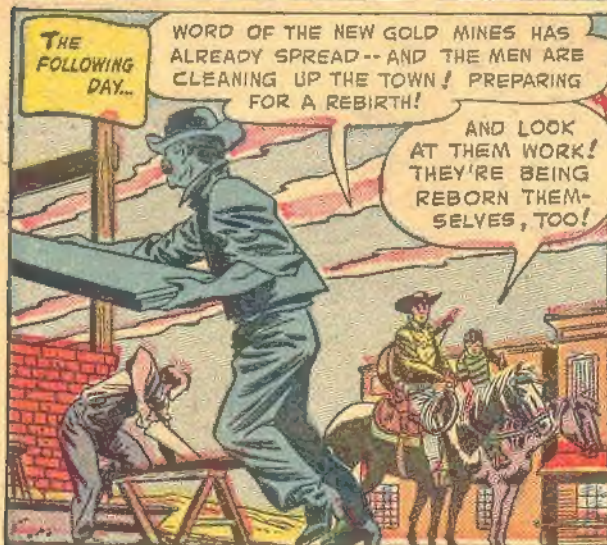
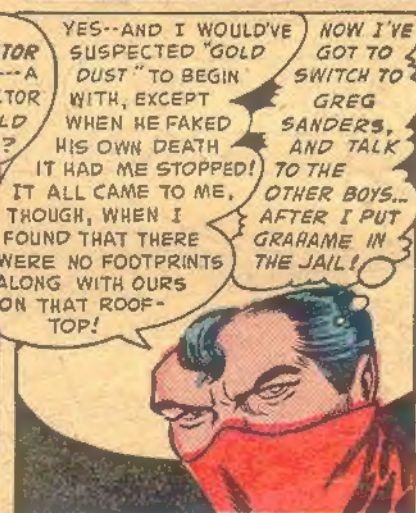
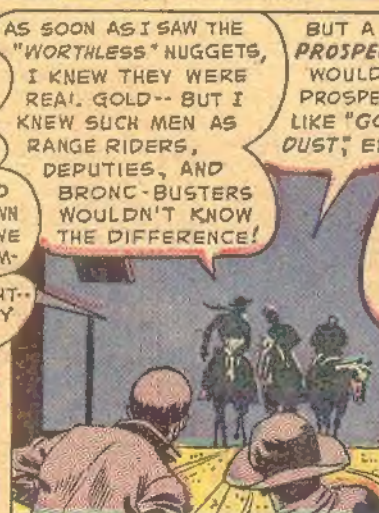
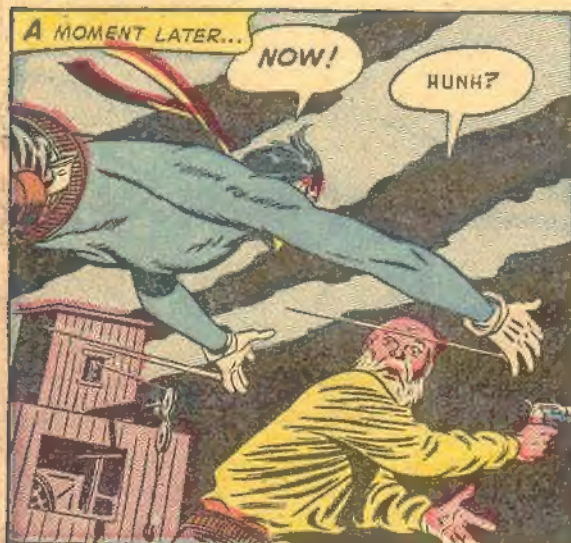
BLAM

WAAAAAEEEEEEEE

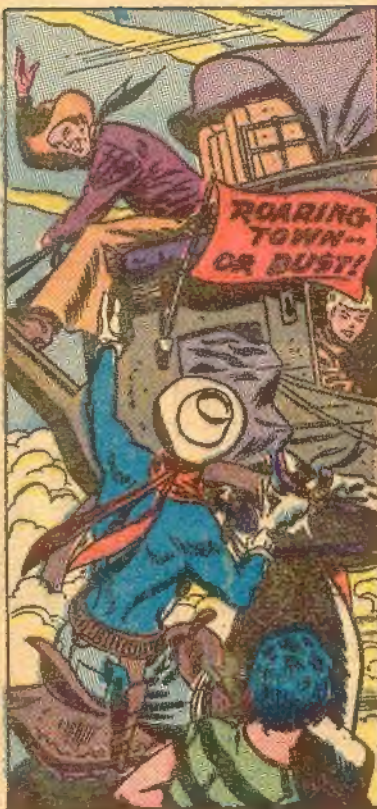


BLAM BAM BANG

HE'S OVER BY THE TIPPLE! STAY HERE UNDER COVER -- BUT DRAW HIS FIRE WITH MY HAT! I'LL CIRCLE AROUND, AND...



YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!
HERE THEY COME! AND I
GUESS THIS IS WHERE WE
LEAVE!



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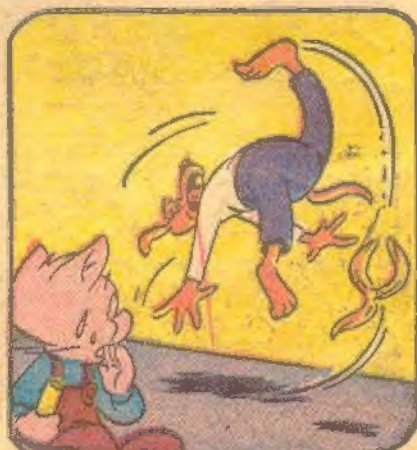
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PETER PORKCHOPS *learns* "CARELESSNESS IS NO JOKE!"



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